

Jane in the Orient

Lois Hawks Swinehart





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Jane In The Orient

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By
LOIS HAWKS SWINEHART

*Southern Presbyterian Mission,
Kwangju, Korea*

*With Introduction by
EGBERT W. SMITH, D.D.
Executive Secretary of Foreign Missions
Presbyterian Church in the U. S.*



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To
L. S. B.
and
M. L. S.

Introduction

THE author of this little story of love and missions has been for thirteen years an efficient member of the Korean Mission of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, her husband being Mission Secretary and Treasurer. From her own experience and observation have come these charming pictures of Japanese and Korean life, needs, customs, scenery, strung like pearls on the thread of a narrative which happily blends humour, romance, and information down to the good old happy-ever-after ending. But surely that is not the end of Jane. Unless we have wholly misinterpreted the character of that capricious, fascinating, and irrepressible young woman, she will be heard from again. We trust so.

EGBERT W. SMITH.

Nashville, Tenn.

PART I
JANE'S LETTERS

I

JANE'S LETTERS

Yokohama, Japan, August, 19—.

Mother Mine:

Yes, Yokohama it really is. We arrived yesterday. If ever again I make a voyage with Miriam and Dan and their adorable jumping jacks, I shall crate those children up, before they are put on the boat. You see, by nailing each child separately in a Houdini proof, hardwood crate, they could be handled by the deck boys quite easily, and oh, think how much it would add to the pleasure of the passengers, and to the safety of the children! Then, too, I'm sure I would be more popular when it became known that I am their maiden aunt upon their mother's side!

Miriam spent the most of her time reading about "The Would-Be-Goods" to the children, and I tried for one day to keep them from running into the legs of seasick passengers and suffering officers, and then gave it up.

Dr. McCloud helped me smuggle my kittens aboard at Vancouver. The Chinese "boy" put them down in the hold, and tied them to the emergency steering wheel. I did so hope that the

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steward wouldn't find them—but worse luck, the day before we reached port, one of the kittens proved a Judas and hanged himself. The “boy” told the steward, and the steward told the mate, and the mate told the purser; and I was summoned before that mighty officer. As I stood before his door, I felt, suddenly, terribly lonely and far from home. How I did wish that Dave Dodson, who gave me those cats, could have been with me then. I looked up, and Dr. McCloud stood there smiling down at me.

“What are you going to tell him about those kittens?” he inquired. “I’m making up something now,” I said, “but I’m scared to death. You see, that purser has double-lens glasses, and he looks for all the world as though he had four eyes.”

The doctor laughed until the door rattled, and then opened it for me; and I am sure he stood guard every moment I was in the room. It was such a nice little “pally” thing to do.

The purser glared at me through those bulging lenses.

“I understand you have some cats aboard this ship,” he exploded.

“A few,” I admitted, and smiled straight up at him.

“How many?” he demanded in a tone that he might have used had we been aground.

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“Well, I don’t like to tell you, but—but—there aren’t as many as there were.”

It was an awful minute, but I was still hopeful.

“Don’t you know, young woman, that it is quite against the rules to bring live stock aboard this ship, without a permit?”

“But, you see,” I argued with desperation, “they couldn’t get to Korea any other way, could they? And they are such dears.”

“How do you expect to get them through quarantine at Yokohama?”

“Oh,” I gasped, “is that all? If I can put this over with you and the steamship company, Japanese quarantine officers ought to be easy.” He continued to glare, but it looked to me as though there was a smile lurking in each of his four eyes.

It took a firm hand and a determined will to thrust those two kittens into my suitcase at the last moment, and to hold the quarantine officer with a steady stare while I bowed myself out of his presence. At the hotel they know cats for what they are, and when I explained that my kittens were American kittens, they were given the best the place afforded.

At the dock we were greeted by the smiles and bad teeth of the pleasant, little ’rickshaw profiteers. Their uniforms of bed ticking are shockingly snug in unbecoming places, but as an embarrassment to

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the newly-arrived American, the coolie, with balanced burden swung from his shoulder, and trotting along in next to nude nonchalance, has it all over him.

The moment Anne stepped into a 'rickshaw she looked an appropriate bit of the landscape, and when she raised a parasol I wanted to hug her—Anne, though a missionary, is very pretty. Oh, mother mine, how I laughed when I saw the husky full-blooded, registered American man, Dr. McCloud, in one of those little two-wheeled cabs. He looked for all the world like a Hagenback elephant in a perambulator.

The *County Clarion* editor asked me to write an article on the Shantung Peninsula from this side. Please tell him I can never do it now. Peninsulas possess no interest for me. They are almost entirely surrounded by water, I learn!

Oh, mother, this is fairyland! The streets, my dear, are pageants, opening out into the most wonderful vistas of quaint, tiled roofs and old, gray walls and banners of red and green and blue. Fans and sashes flaunt their brilliance down every by-way. Low carts drawn by oxen, loaded always with straw-covered things, Oriental, labelled with queer hieroglyphics, take the middle of the road, and refuse to turn out for the big, honking automobiles that push impertinently into this age-old

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background. The native stores are tiny booths with wares displayed in a distracting scheme of colour and form. In the rear of every shop is a charming view of the domestic arrangements of that particular shopkeeper—a pageant, planned, I'm sure, to take one's mind off the pressing problem of the high cost of the wares displayed.

Hotly you approach one of these suave little merchants, and burningly inquire the price of his silks. As he names a politely extortionate figure, your primitive impulse to throttle him is tempered instantly by a glance at the doll-house behind the creature, where his children, in crimson and green and yellow sashes, are laughing in happy abandon, and splashing colour over a picture that makes you scream with delight. Every bloody instinct is allayed. You pay his price, and thank him for his trouble.

I'm so thrilled with this glimpse of the Orient that I'm ready, right now, to "Hippety-Hop to the Barber shop" to have my hair plastered and smoothed and oiled in woven-hair-sofa-cushion effects, just like the Japanese girls. I want to wear a dove blue kimono with a scarlet lining, and hobble along in stumpy, little steps upon wooden sandals.

Dr. McCloud is immensely amused at my speeches. I told him today that I'd like to be a

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burglar, so that I could run down Japanese alleyways all I wanted to. Mother, dear, are you sure that among our ancestors not far back there was not a pickpocket? I'm having such leanings that way.

When I come back to America, Dave Dodson and I are going in for municipal improvement, and when he is elected Mayor we'll make garden spots of our alleyways too. We could train ampelopsis over our ugly, brick store-buildings, remove trash cans, boxes, and crates, introduce flights of gray, stone steps (they would be old some day), cover these with moss, set out shrubs in tubs, and encourage the tenants of upper stories to plant window boxes of nasturtiums and hang out bird cages. Wouldn't this, I ask you, make Uncle Jim crinkle his eyes?

Your daughter,

JANE.

Yokohama, Japan, August, 19—.

Only Mother:

This noon, at luncheon, we were exchanging stories of the sights of Yokohama. Dan declared that he saw one sign that read, "Boots Shoes and Appendixes for Sale Here."

"That's easy," said the doctor, "I get the connection. Cost of production is about the same, and

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in the Orient nothing is wasted. That thrifty merchant is willing to sell his appendix to pay his doctor's bill. But, listen to this: I found an honest confession pasted up in the window of a transfer company that hung damp, cold beads upon my brow. 'We will send your baggage in every direction.' I had just checked twenty-seven bags, trunks and suit cases, and Great Scott's Emulsion! I bet they do it, too."

We are to stay here until tomorrow afternoon. I am delighted over the delay, but Miriam, Dan, and Dr. McCloud are obsessed with the one idea of getting back to Korea, and their work. They do not talk a lot about it, but I know that with every one of these furloughed missionaries, and with Anne, too, sightseeing is a decided bore. An uncanny something is calling, calling them, and with every nerve taut they are making a response—spontaneous, instant. A spirit dominates them that angers and makes me afraid.

Shimonoseki, Japan, August, 19—.

Dearest:

We left Yokohama Friday afternoon for the trip along the coast to Shimonoseki, where we were to take the boat crossing the straits to Fusan Korea. I wanted to travel this distance in a picturesque ox-cart led by a more picturesque jockey—it would

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have been so much in keeping with the scenery; but when the toy Limited puffed into the station, and piped a shrill blast, exactly like the whistle on a derrick in America, and when the diminutive sleeper rolled along like a parlour ornament, I clapped my hands ecstatically, and the ox-cart idea went aglimmering.

“It’s the Lilliputian Limited, it surely is,” I exclaimed. “Why didn’t someone prepare me for this? I shall never ride in anything else. It’s the darlingest thing I ever saw.”

The doctor smiled, all the while measuring that sleeper with cold calculating eyes.

“It’s all very well for short, newly-arrived enthusiasts, who can stretch out in those berths, but it’s hard on Gullivers,” he grumbled. The doctor has a perfectly good reason for being irritable. It’s all the fault of that Yokohama Transfer Company’s awful warning. Fearing that by chance they might do as they said, he surrendered our baggage checks and now seventeen odd suitcases, bags and trunks are here with us every minute of the journey. Upon entering this sleeper, we found that every inch of the vestibule, and half of the space in the aisles were crowded with our possessions, so that we were forced to make our exits and our entrances by means of a running jump. This exercise has proved so strenuous that as a

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party we were completely exhausted by nightfall. I was too tired even to scream, when we caught sight of Fujiyama.

There was a queer, old gentleman next to us, who eyed the dapper little porter dourly, as the latter went through his studied drill in making up the berths. After a short time he held forth in these words: "That's no upper berth, I tell you. That's a plate-rail. It isn't even a shelf; it's nothing more than a moulding. I'll never risk myself up there. It's me for a second-class car. I shall sit up all night with my knees under my chin. It's the way they bury their dead in this land anyway."

The members of our party who spent the night upon the stuffy closet shelves of the imitation sleeper with the thermometer at ninety degrees Fahr. envied him his bright eyes and clear complexion in the morning.

Mother, dear, have you ever struggled in a lower berth to pull a one-piece dress over your head with the shining mahogany overhead reflecting every contortion? Of course you remember how cross it made you and how you wanted to say things back to the spiteful caricature in that dark, red panel. Hairpins stabbing straight into your head helped the feeling some, too. It's just that much worse in a Japanese imitation sleeper where every-

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thing is scaled one-third smaller than a regulation Pullman.

The Lilliputian Limited arrived in Osaka, the Pittsburgh of Japan, the next morning at seven o'clock. The cheerful little building that opened upon an expanse of blue sky and green hills and tiny, thatched huts, proved to be the Union Station. The platform was crowded with men and women and children, in extremely tight kimonos, all running to catch trains: and it seemed a pity to heat themselves up in this way—the speed limit of twenty miles an hour doesn't warrant it.

Japanese think differently than we do. They are very self-conscious and sensitive, and I know the reason why, now. It's their shoes. The Japanese shoe is an unyielding platform of wood, supported beneath by two piers. Threaded into this platform is a "V" shaped thong. This strap holds foot and board together, by twining over the great toe—separating it from the other toes, and securely binding the ball of the foot to the shoe. I can remember how dreadfully nervous it always made me as a child to get anything between my toes when I went barefoot,—and think and pity; these people of the Orient have something between their toes all the time, and I'm sure this accounts for a lot of their queer ways. No wonder they remove their shoes when entering their homes.

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Anne declared the lavatory of the Lilliputian Limited entirely too stuffy, and resorted to a long row of basins on the platform of the station where native men and women and children (who weren't running at the moment to catch trains) were socially making their morning toilets. In a few minutes she rushed back to our car, choking with indignation. After a long time of sympathetic questioning she finally admitted that a Japanese gentleman of seeming rank and culture had pulled off his shirt right before her very eyes. Dan heaved a sigh of relief, and hugged himself that it was a shirt only. Anne will make a missionary, but she is going to have some severe jolts first.

Never did I expect to discover fairy land. But I have. It lies between Kobe and Shimonoseki. Hills in flat terraces, that are now emerald-green, paddy fields, form the setting for marvelous landscapes of ribbon waterfalls, arched bridges, feathery, bamboo groves, and long, twisted vines. The houses of the rural Japanese are two-thirds roof,—thatched roofs that are artistically trimmed. Many times they blossom out thriftily at the ridge pole in sprouting barley or grass. I asked Miriam if they did not sometimes pasture their cows up there?

It was a journey of twelve interminable hours, and we had been traveling for three weeks. The

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thermometer made several futile attempts, but never got below ninety-three, and settled finally at ninety-five as a mean average. Miriam's children had exhausted all the possibilities of the funny, little sleeper as a recreation park, and Dan had taken them into the baggage-car to feed the kittens. By ten o'clock, hills, and flat terraces and emerald-green paddy fields and ribbon waterfalls and arched bridges, feathery, bamboo groves, and long, twisted vines had ceased to charm, and were no better than jungles to sweltering travelers. Tempers of varying shades of intensity held sway, every one of us yielding, and we all went in for dispositions. I wanted nut sundae. I wanted an electric fan and ice water, and oh! I wanted America and Dave to help me forget the miseries of that day. The good doctor did his best to keep up the spirits of the crowd, but there were so many cinders in my eyes and down my neck, and I felt so scratchy all over that I gave up trying to be cheerful, and curled up in one end of the sleeping-car section, and in spite of the charming scenery flying by, cried all the way from Myijima.

Miriam retired behind a big book, and Anne, still nervous from the shock of the early morning (the affair of the Japanese gentleman and the shirt), devoted herself to a copy of the *Ladies'*

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Home Journal. 'Things masculine gave her heart failure for the moment, she declared. The doctor drew a diagram of his new, leper hospital on an old envelope. "Listen," said Miriam, "here's the story of a Japanese Romeo and Juliet. Shall I read it aloud?"

"Yes, if you care to," I said feebly, from the corner of my handkerchief.

"Does it describe Romeo's doublet? If it does, I'll stop my ears with cotton while you read," said Anne, gingerly looking over the top of her magazine.

"Japanese Romeos wore nothing but kimonos in those days, and never pulled them over their heads in polite society," comfortably explained Miriam. "Here is the story."

"Thanks, dear," murmured the appreciative Anne, "the reading has consumed just twenty-five minutes."

"If that's all you got out of my story," said the reader, "the morale of this crowd is certainly low. Where's the doctor?"

"Sh—sh—" I whispered, looking anxiously in Anne's direction. "She must not know it, but while you were reading he decoyed a chance Japanese passenger, who entered the car while Anne's eyes were upon her magazine, into the coach behind."

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"What didn't he wear?" she whispered in return.

"He had reduced himself to B.V.D.'s. Yes, of course he wore a hat to prevent sunstroke in this car."

When Dan returned with the children, he brought with him five *bendoes* (please note how I flavour my epistles with the native speech), or Japanese lunches. They were little wooden boxes cleverly made of pine veneer, filled with well-boiled rice, cold, sliced turnips, salsify and something with a parsnippy taste, and a queer kind of fish cut up raw. A tiny spray of cool, green pine decorated each box. The whole was tied up in delicate paper with two tiny, chopsticks thrust under the string.

"There's no such train service as this in America," said the doctor. "I'm going to introduce it when I go home on my next furlough."

"Do try these pickled beans," said Miriam. "They're delicious."

"Oh do sample this preserved water-lily root, and these pickled turnips," warmed up Anne.

"And this cut-omelet effect is as dainty as—but—oh—oh—" Her eyes were bulging, and it took some time to bring her back to normal.

She caught her breath. "Don't worry about me, I'm out of danger now," she choked. "It's flavoured with seaweed and green pepper!"

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"What are you eating, McCloud?" inquired Dan of the Doctor when nothing had happened for several minutes. "Me?" he inquired pleasantly. "Oh, I'm just gnawing on some old root!"

After we had sampled each of the queer-looking articles in the *bendoes*, we looked each other squarely in the face. Silently we collected those attractive boxes, and solemnly we pitched them out of the window. Let him who will, eat Japanese food. A people that eats seaweed salad, preserved beans and raw fish must have national peculiarities in other ways. Food like that is bound to crop out in one way or another.

This evening five weary travelers, to say nothing of the children and the kittens and the baggage, mingled with the throng that swarmed through the gates of the Shimonoseki railway station, and were personally conducted to the semi-modern hotel. Here we are to stay until the sailing of the boat that takes us across the straits to Korea. We are tired tonight, and as there are but two baths in this hotel we shall have to stand in queue.

More anon, dearest.

JANE.

P. S. The Japanese hotel clerk made this entry upon our bill—"Two cat meals, forty sen." Wretch!

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Fusan, Korea, August, 19—.

Mother Mine:

The air in the cabins of the *Koma Maru* last night was stifling and no one slept. As the night grew intolerable, I escaped from my stateroom and stole up the stairs to the deck, where I almost fell over two Japanese men stretched upon the calked planks. At the prow of the ship the second class passengers, deserting their bunks, had gathered upon the deck and were socially chatting the night away. The sea was a misty expanse of molten glass, folded back in ridges of fire where the ship ploughed the fields of phosphorus. I heard a step behind me and Dr. McCloud was at my side. For a long time we stood at the rail and felt the breath-warm air in our faces. The sun came up behind the vapoury mists of a shadowy island, and one of the Japanese men at my feet arose, turned his face to the east, and clapped his hands to attract the attention of some spirit of the air. He rubbed his hands together and repeated orisons in a sing-song rhythm.

“Touching little ceremony,” I said, turning to the doctor, “and it fits into the hour and the scenery, too. And you missionaries would destroy a faith like that?”

“I was waiting for that remark, Miss Jane. It

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is the usual one, but I hoped that you would not make it."

My face flushed, and I hated the man. I bit my lip, but—(put one down to my credit, mother) controlled my voice.

"I do not see for my part what warrant you missionaries have for coming to this country with a new religion," I replied. "These people are happy with what they have. I think you are intruders. You ought to let them alone."

The doctor paused a moment. His pauses are so exasperating, and make me wild.

"Are the silk merchants, and the ivory and tea, and rug, and brass, and bead merchants letting them alone? Are *they* intruders?"

"That's different," I snapped. "Those merchants are supplying Americans with what makes for the happiness of Americans."

"And we missionaries are giving to the Oriental the only thing that makes for his real happiness. Do not deceive yourself, Miss Jane. People who know nothing about Jesus Christ and His love are not happy; many of them are content and stoical, and light-hearted, but they are not happy. They know nothing of the peace that passeth all understanding. They know nothing of the joy that comes from a knowledge of sins forgiven. Can you understand that?"

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“I cannot, and I do not want to understand it. I loathe church machinery, and missionary societies and Bible classes in particular.”

He was talking now in a low, clear voice.

“Once I did, too,” he went on, “until Jesus Christ put two strong hands upon my shoulders, and turned me about to face the narrow, straight way. Things and men distasteful to me once, I love now, because my Master loves them.”

I moved away from him, and stood at the prow. The gold and crimson and violet of the dawn were suffused by the rising mists from the turquoise sea, and above the dark mass of the island a fringe of low pines and shrubs were etched in delicate silhouette. The witchery of the scene and the hour stole through my senses like ether. Anger was gone, only a stinging sense of my own rudeness brought the tears to my eyes, but I was determined that the doctor should not see my emotion.

He was at my side again. I put my hand to my throat to steady my voice.

“Dr. McCloud,” I said, “why are you a missionary?”

“I am under orders,” he answered. “My Commander sent me to tell of the life and sacrifice of Jesus Christ to men who have never heard the story. It was mighty hard in America to find men

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who had the leisure to talk about the things of the kingdom."

"You are talking just like a common missionary zealot," I flashed back. "I thought you were a doctor, and had charge of a leper asylum."

"I am a physician, and leper work is my side line," was his steady reply. "But my warrant for thrusting myself into the life of this Oriental people lies higher than that. There is but one faith in all the universe that has been revealed by God to man, and I am a messenger of that faith to these people. I have come to talk about God, man to man."

"You mean personal work? I hate the word."

"Miss Jane, I know you are frankly touched by the claims of Jesus Christ, and some day you are going to yield to the power of the Spirit, and the urge of seeking souls will be upon you too."

"That sounds almost like a curse, and I feel like crossing myself. I left America to escape just such things."

Dr. McCloud looked sad and hurt, and Mother, I was truly sorry for this outburst, but something inside urges me on to these raspy answers.

The strait's steamer swung gracefully about, and was warped slowly up to the dock as we neared Fusan. We were in Korea.

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There was a stir of excitement among the missionaries, as the brown thatches of the low, Korean huts, with their trailing decorations of gourd vines and bright patches of red peppers came in sight. Dan and Miriam, the doctor and Anne stood at the rail, and in their eyes was a flash of exaltation, of jubilation that I had never seen before, not even in the eyes of soldiers embarking for France.

A sickening sense of isolation and loneliness possessed me, and I walked away to hide the tears that filled my eyes. Why should the sight of a group of low, brown, thatched huts, queer men and women in white clothes, and children in tulip colours, coming and going among those little houses move people, born in America, like that? Why should Miriam, my own darling sister, have stamped upon her lovely profile the look that draws angels down, when her eyes rested upon those sordid huts? Why are men like Dan and Dr. McCloud content to be buried alive in this alien land? I went below to find the kittens, and to get away from these saints. They made me ill.

Later, Dr. McCloud searching for the twenty-seventh piece of baggage almost stumbled over me in the hold.

“You—you, Miss Jane, are you here?” he said sharply. “It’s insufferably hot in this place. Go

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up at once to the air. 'These kittens are my charge.'

His voice had a peculiar ring, deep and tender, that thrilled and fascinated but made me angry.

"I came down here to escape the sight of you pilgrims of the night gazing upon the celestial heights," I retorted. "You were just about to burst out with 'Look ye saints, the sight is glorious!'"

"We *are* some enthusiasts, but I didn't know we had gone to the limit of driving people into the hold of the ship," the doctor answered. "Let me help you up those stairs, you are sure to stumble." His hand was on my arm, but I sprang up ahead of him.

"I cannot understand you missionaries," I said petulantly. "This is a foreign country and yet you, and Dan, and Miriam, and Anne, look as though you had forgotten America, and counted the life you were born to nothing but dross. It isn't patriotic, it isn't natural, and I swear here I'll never be a missionary."

"No, you never will be," he said, as we regained the deck, "until God Almighty reveals the glories of this work to you. Miss Jane, missionaries are called, not persuaded into this work, and they are the happiest people in the world because they are absolutely in tune with the Infinite."

Mother, he actually believes this. His brown

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eyes shone like deep pools in a wood, and I'm desperately afraid I am going to admire him. I wish Dave were here.

After reaching the wharf, the cats were my first concern, and when they were located in the shade of a freight shed, we started in a body for the customs office. The séance with the officials was soon on. Trunk after trunk was unpacked and painstakingly examined by the officials who enjoyed immensely this little glimpse into our intimate possessions. Anne writhed as the key was turned in her trunk. "Oh, why must my personal belongings be turned up to the vulgar gaze in this manner?" she moaned. "This is anguish." Dr. McCloud was wild. "See here," he said in their language to the officials, "you examine my trunks first, and if you don't find any cigarettes or whiskey or bombs or things like that, just call this search off, will you?"

The Orientals only smiled and continued to turn over the tissue paper lingerie and blue bows. Dr. McCloud had been in training in an officers' camp while on furlough, and he now stalked up and down with a furious military air. Anne sat down to have a little weep, and then sprang up with a bright idea. "Please do not open that portfolio," she pleaded, "my soldier brother's picture is in it, and he is now in France."

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An American soldier in France! The customs official dropped all the nainsook filigree, and tore open the portfolio with hectic interest. Instantly every employee on the place crowded about to examine the photograph. Several pictures of an officers' training camp in Virginia also claimed their attention. Dan bore down upon the crowd, and Dr. McCloud continued to stalk up and down.

McCloud's brow cleared in a flash as he took in the situation. "Oh, is that what you are after?" he exclaimed. "There's an officer's complete uniform in this little locker here. Shall I open it?" Should he! That Oriental mob fell upon him as one man. If there was one thing they wanted to examine among the foreigners' possessions it was an American soldier's uniform. The whole affair was off in that moment, and Dr. McCloud threw open his locker with a swing—at the same time shutting the trunks behind him.

It took an age to extract every garment, speculate upon the cut, material, fit, and probable cost and wearing qualities. Many of the garments were tried on, and the effect contrasted with that gaily ornamented uniform of the Japanese. The missionary ground his teeth. "And they were fumigated just before I left America!" he groaned.

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Kwangju, Korea, August, 19—.

Mother, My Own:

The railways in Korea are just as wide as those in the United States, and the train we boarded at Fusan ran over a standard gauge track. Travelling was more comfortable, but less romantic, than in Japan. Upon reaching Taiden, we learned that we should have to spend the night in a Japanese inn, and your daughter, wild with excitement, cat-box in hand, headed the procession as it wound up that Oriental street in search of the hotel. Someone had built this hotel of pine, two by fours, plaster, paper and straw matting, and the effect was truly a doll's house. The frail stairs creaked under the heavy tread of our big American men. At the entrance, our shoes were politely but firmly removed from our feet by little Japanese servant girls, and from that moment we felt conspicuously and notably out of place. I cast a side-glance at Dr. McCloud, who was trying to keep a pair of sloppy, Japanese, bedroom slippers upon his feet. They would not stay on, and irresistibly I burst into a peal of laughter at his plight. The situation was delicious. That dignified doctor's courtly manner and freedom of speech broke down completely when his shoes were taken from him. It's quite evident that no American man pacing a hotel lobby in his socks can ever be quite

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himself, especially when one of his socks has a hole in it.

He looked at me in abject despair; but I was pitiless, for I felt that he was being properly punished for the unhappiness he had caused me on the boat.

There wasn't a chair in the place, which was a mercy, because sitting upon the floor, with our feet hidden, helped our self-respect some.

For supper we were served sinewy steak, eggs scrambled around sea weed, a poor imitation of black bread, and delicious tea. This was brought to us on tables a foot high, and we could not get our feet under them!

The diminutive serving-maids were so attractive in their kimonos and bright obis and with bare feet that we did not mind the menu much.

"The bath's the thing in a Japanese inn that gives you shell shock," remarked the doctor, "do you feel like trying it?" His look was directed at Anne, but I knew he meant me. "Indeed I do not," said Anne with decision. She will never forget the horrors of that shirt episode, I fear. Of course I was game, as I go in for local colour every time. The bathroom was a small detached cubby-hole on the ground floor. It was entirely separate from the main building, and had been set in this place, apparently, to interrupt the public gaze.

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There was no lock upon the sliding paper door, which tended to nervousness, I admit. The bathtub was a cement tank, five feet high, with an iron floor, heated from below by a charcoal fire. The water was about 110 Fahr. Naturally I was almost scalded. The only thing that prevented my feet from parboiling was a round board that floated on top of the tub as I entered it, and that went down with me to the bottom where the iron floor was heated seven times hotter than any furnace. Be it said here that good Americans who survive this bath never talk about it.

That night we slept upon wadded quilts spread upon the straw matting covering the floors of the inn. Our pillows were round and hard—something like the hair cloth sofa ends of the furniture in our garret. The bed room windows of wooden slats—no glass—opened upon the street, and discouraged the entrance of thieves, but nothing else. The ubiquitous, little serving-maids fluttered about like moths, and we soon found ourselves beneath huge green mosquito-nets suspended from the ceiling. The partitions between the bedrooms were of paper, and I heard Miriam inquire of Dan, “What are your sensations, dear, under that net?”

“It’s—it’s like being in an aquarium,” he groaned, “and I have a fellow feeling for the

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man who said he had about as much privacy as a goldfish."

At daybreak the barefooted maids knelt just outside our mosquito nets, and announced in softest tones that it was time to rise. We gathered about the little tables that morning, still sitting upon the floor—a bit weary and altogether travel-worn group.

"Oh for a chair, just one little footstool, to sit upon," moaned Miriam. "I'm so tired of sitting and lying upon the floor, that I wish someone would hang my weary frame on a peg in the wall. If my bones could only dangle awhile it would be some relief."

Anne wanted to sing at morning worship "We're going home, no more to roam," to help the situation, but her suggestion was not popular.

"It's five forty-five," she remarked a little later, as she gracefully consulted her wrist-watch.

"It's not!" exclaimed the rest of us in a chorus, almost jumping at her. "It's six-thirty, if it's anything. Our combined timepieces say so."

"I don't mean A. M. in Korea, I mean P. M. in North Carolina. I have never changed my watch because I wanted to know exactly what the time in America is, and how and where to think of the dear ones in the old home," returned Anne.

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There was a moment's pause and several gulps, then Miriam and I put our heads down and burst into sobs.

"See here," said Miriam, brokenly, "why do we give up like this when we are only fifty miles from our Korean home? We just must forget the things behind, and think only of the joys before us."

"It's nerves," said the doctor. "It's nerves and stocking-feet. I'm going to put on shoes and go out of this doll's-house to stand on the street corner until train time. I feel I am only half a man, sitting on this floor like a tailor."

"I'm with you, Doc," said Dan, with a groan. "They will have to saw my legs off before I'll ever enter another Japanese inn. I'm paralyzed from the waist down now. This is no place for a two-legged, white man. Some of their bronze Buddhas, over here, have been sitting on their feet a thousand years. Cramps! Oh man! I'd rather be a statue in a park. It stands upon its legs anyway."

As a party we made a wild rush for the down train when it pulled into the station. I shrieked with delight as we plumped down into the springy red plush car-seats, and Dan executed a hornpipe in the aisle to show off his shoes, he said. The children dragged Dr. McCloud forward to the

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baggage car, and he spent the entire time in there amusing them and himself, too.

The sights of Korea are great, and our spirits were high. It was fun to watch the natives lie down upon the car-seats for a little siesta and put their feet out of the window. Anne almost fainted, however, when she saw a Japanese gentleman prepare to take off his kimono, to put on his foreign clothes right before her. I curled up in a corner of the seat, and to keep in mind the adventures of the night before wrote this jingle:

“In days ago I longed to be
A clever little Japanee,
To tint my cheeks a brilliant rouge,
And run around without my shoes.

“I thought how fine to sleep quite late,
And know my breakfast wouldn't wait
Long time I'd lie and take my rest,
Then tie a string, and I'd be dressed.

“An obi too I longed to wear,
And have a barber comb my hair
And go all day without a hat,
And sleep at night upon a mat.

“And now when here it's up to me
I lack the right an-a-to-me:
Alas! I know I ne'er can be
A real successful Japanee.”

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We were back to normal within a short time. As the train pulled into the station at Shoteri (the railway stop nearest Kwangju) Miriam danced up and down, and Dan and the doctor threw hats into the air at the sight of hundreds of white-robed Koreans assembled to welcome them back to their own home, and their own work in this foreign country. As I looked into the friendly, shining, black eyes of those Koreans, and was told that many of them had walked miles and miles to grasp the hands of these missionaries that day, a tiny wave of envy swept me, and I wondered how it would feel to be loved like that?

“There is Sabbath Day’s Mother,” called Miriam as she hurried down the platform. Her hand was upon the shoulder of a native woman whose dark eyes bore traces of suffering, but who was so lighted up with joy at the sight of my darling little sister that it was almost unearthly. Her dress was of white linen, spotless and starched like paper. The men were dressed in white cambric trousers, full and tied at the ankle with a jaunty bow-tie. Shirt-jackets tied at the side answered for coats, and a long, white linen overcoat, hung to perfection, added dignity and character to the wearer.

Dr. McCloud rushed by me, without once looking to see if I were carrying so much as a handbag,

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and in a moment his arms were about the shoulders of an old man, who lifted a face of wonder, and scanned his features with the awed inquiry of a child. Tears were raining down the doctor's cheeks as the old man ran long, tapering, sensitive fingers over the outlines of his face. With a shout, the Korean threw his arms about the doctor's neck, and we heard this: "He opened my eyes, and I did not know him. My doctor!"

Dan, gathering up the suitcases, turned to me and said huskily: "He was McCloud's last cataract case before going home on furlough. The bandages were not off when the doctor left."

ABOUT THINGS KOREAN

Kwangju, Korea, Sept., 19—.

Dearest Mother:

This is to be my first letter about things Korean. I have told you of the journey, of the homecoming of Miriam and Dan, and I think I have described all the ordinary and extraordinary missionaries of the station—and now for the natives.

Sister Miriam announced at the breakfast table this morning that an old friend of hers, one of the wealthy men of the village, had sent word that he would be highly honoured if Miriam and her foreign friends, just arrived from America, would be present that day at the marriage of

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his eldest daughter, to a man chosen by a popular "go-between."

"This is a heathen family," said Miriam, "and, of course, the marriage ceremony will be strictly Korean in character, and after the old custom, followed through centuries."

"I cannot think of anything I'd rather do than go to that wedding," I exclaimed at once. "I have been perishing to get out among the natives, and down into their homes ever since I arrived. Your homes and your gardens may look good to you old missionaries, but I've been raised among modern homes and gardens and sanitary conveniences, and as I am not a missionary, and as I do not purpose to spend the remainder of my natural life in Korea, it's me for the natives, and a peep into their every day lives. I hope we'll see dozens of those adorable little girls, with tiny babies upon their backs that I have had glimpses of now and then. Anne Bartram, send word at once that you cancel your engagement to go over to the hospital with Dr. McCloud, and we'll put on our best, and go to this heathen wedding."

If I have described Anne correctly to you, mother, you will know that she rested her delicately-rounded chin in her pretty palm, and raised an objection. Anne never permits the base desire to be popular, to come between herself and

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a stand for the opposition if she can prevent it. There is no compromise with her. Everything is a moral issue, that must be met squarely, even if she has to upset the plans of everyone else to do it. Mother, she's a perfect Gibraltar of moral strength.

As you well know, I'm a jellyfish when it comes to issues. Anyone can carry me with him for a minute, in an impassioned argument if only his eloquence appeals to my imagination. I'm up and off with him. Not so with Anne,—one slight slip in a statement, one luckless flaw in some illusion, and the whole thing must pull up with a halt, until she can register her objection and set it right.

When Miriam told us that morning of the invitation to the wedding, Anne looked pleased, but, of course, said: "Do you think we had better go? You know it will be heathen, and perhaps our presence at such a function, more or less religious in its nature, might hurt the cause we represent."

"Oh, Anne," I answered, "do not stop to think about that. Put on your hat and let's go. I'm crazy to get into it. They say it is a regular 'Hey-Diddle-Diddle, the Cat-and-the-Fiddle' affair."

Anne looked at me sweetly and I saw the Gibraltar expression begin to take shape in her eyes, when Dan came to my aid.

"The cause is made of sterner stuff than that, Miss Bartram," he said. "You will never under-

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stand these Koreans until you experience, as far as possible, their mode of life, and learn to understand their ways of thinking. We preachers cannot even understand the native Christians unless we know something of their former state of bondage. Sometimes, with my congregation, I feel like an old hen who has hatched out a brood of ducklings, when I look at my Korean church members. They take to so many things I never dreamed of in my philosophy and catechism. But I'm sure of two things at least. One is that they are Christians, alive in Jesus Christ, and the other is that I'll never be able to make Scotch Presbyterians of them."

"And you really think it is our duty to go?" asked Anne thoughtfully.

"I do not know that it is exactly that, but you'll learn a lot about Koreans if you do," replied Dan. "And I think the smell and taste of their food will give the adventure enough of a flavour of duty to appease even *your* particular conscience."

Anne's scruples most easily melt before the opinion of missionaries who have been upon the field as long as Dan has, so she gracefully capitulated, and told Dr. McCloud she would go over to the hospital with him the next day. If I were a trained nurse, as Anne is, and expected to make my home in that hospital amid all its smells, I'd welcome anything in

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the way of diversion that could make me forget it for a time. But Anne figures differently, and, Mother, she's just pining to begin her administrations in that horrid place. She's crazy to visit the leper hospital too, about a mile from the compound, but I'd rather go to a native wedding.

We helped Miriam dress the children, and then put on our own hats. Anne scorns styles and modes of the moment, and wears only what she considers appropriate and comfortable. But she has such a dignified carriage that anything she puts on looks the latest. Oh, Mother, some of the missionaries out here are simply *frights*, because they are wearing the hats they came to the Orient in. A hat after last year's mode, or even the year before, isn't always such a fright, but farther back than that they are simply impossible. I settled my own well-made travelling hat with the feeling akin to piety that always comes to the well dressed, and reflected that some day I'd write to the Mission Boards and ask them to increase the salaries of their missionaries, so that their clothes could be given well-deserved furloughs, and not have to be worn long after their style has passed, and they look like bygone memories.

The bride's home was in a distant part of the city where foreigners are seldom seen, and as we threaded our way down the narrow streets we soon

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heard the clatter of little, wooden sandals (for it had rained the night before and the streets were muddy) as a train of bright-eyed Korean boys and girls followed the helter-skelter procession.

Dogs and babies brought up the rear, and our whole curious following increased with each cross-way. Miriam told me that one thing she missed, when in America, was having a crowd always at her heels. Imagine!

Between stone and mud walls we passed in Indian file, with our happy following—until we were directed to enter a bamboo gate, like hundreds of other bamboo gates behind us, and found ourselves in the outer court of the home of the Korean bride. We were quite certain that we had reached the right place, for we saw at once that Mother Goose Land was displayed in full array before us. Under a waving canopy of grass cloth, supported by unsteady bamboo poles, was a table surmounted by a huge arch of paper flowers of unwarranted size and deceptive colouring. A flaunting scarf of yellow, green and blue, picturing unusual birds, draped the table below, while upon it were set forth, in puzzling array, a variety of Korean foods, two dishes of cotton seed, and two badly-warped, wooden fish with red balls in their mouths.

“There’s the bride’s mother,” said Miriam, advancing to meet the hostess who was coming down

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toward us, walking over the straw mats spread before the table. She was evidently flattered by our presence.

“But why doesn't her husband make his appearance, too?” I suggested.

“The Korean stars would fall if he did,” laughed Miriam. “A Korean man would lose face, forever, if he greeted a woman in any way. Only in the inmost recesses of the home does he even deign to speak to his wife.”

At one side of the court was a low hut, thatched, as most Korean homes are, with rice straw. Before this *sarang* or den, a score of Korean gentlemen in full dress were congregated. In their stately costumes of white cambric and silk, down to immaculate stockings and white kid sandals, they were surely an imposing sight, but strangely out of place, I thought, in their setting of thatched huts and general squalour.

As we entered the court we brushed against two beggars crouched in pitiful expectancy of scraps from the wedding feast. Anne gave one searching look, and glanced at Miriam, who nodded a reply.

“You needn't look so mysterious,” I said, “I know, as well as you do, that they are lepers. I've always wanted to see a leper, and I'm not at all afraid of them. Of course, if I were in America

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I'd go into hysterics with the rest of them at the very thought of a leper within a hundred miles. But I intend to take the East as it comes. Do look up there on that platform porch. Aren't those the darlindest cherubs you ever saw? They look exactly like little Hollanders, green skirts and cerise jackets, and stiff, little braids of hair. I declare they ought to be painted. They would make fascinating paper dolls."

At the entrance we were greeted with true Oriental politeness, and urgently shoved through the four-foot high door into the tiny room, to sit upon the floor with the other invited guests.

We left our rubbers outside, which answered very well in place of taking off our shoes. Miriam was at home among these women at once, for she could talk with them. I found I could sit upon the floor, with ease, and tuck my feet under my dress—you remember I always sat upon the floor at home to button my shoes, though Uncle Jim said that was the greatest argument against equal suffrage.

It was a new sensation to feel a hand examining one's back comb, or gently stealing along one's shoe buttons in inquisitive search of information about the queer foreigner's dress. Anne sat there rigidly, and inwardly (I know it) called this her Christian duty, while I sociably assisted our friends

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where I could by explaining to them the logic of our American styles, (in pantomime of course).

After a polite interval, a tiny table, about a foot high, was passed to us through the door. Miriam whispered in English, "Now screw up your courage to the sticking point, for we'll have to eat some of this food offered us."

Upon the table were spread all the unmentionable horrors that are styled dainty refreshments by the Koreans.

"It's really arranged in tempting order, and I'm going to try some of these little geometrical cakes," I said. But in a minute I nudged Anne and said, "Don't touch them, if you value your life; they're made of sawdust and glue. Pass them out to that healthy line of waiting babies behind you. What do you suppose is in these wooden bowls?"

"I don't know, but it looks like furniture polish," answered Anne. We both sighed and applied ourselves to the contemplation of a dish of dried fish, cleverly carved into scrolls and stems and curves, much on the order of the Spencerian penmanship exercises that were our delight and despair in our first High School year long ago.

By this time our appetites were really sagging, and the sight of dried persimmons, clams boiled in the shell, and meat carved into unrecognisable shapes, very obviously without inspection tags,

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only served to debilitate them further : so we looked pleasant and ate three hard-boiled eggs without salt, and felt that our hostess should call it square, particularly as Miriam was filling her handbag with all kinds and shapes, at the earnest solicitation of the women about her, to take something home to the “ ruler,” as they designated Dan.

After the other guests had been served, and the diminutive tables had been removed, we were invited into another room to inspect the bride. As she sat there like a stone image, her eyes upon the floor, I could see that her hair in the curve just above the eyebrows had been pulled out, so that the forehead extended well up into the hair in two exceedingly sharp points. This made the outline of the hair look exactly like a sharply defined “ W ” upside down. A part, as straight as a razor blade, ran from the crown to the point of the “ W,” and the whole coiffure had been plentifully anointed with castor oil ! The straight black locks were drawn down so tightly into the knot at the back of the head, that I knew it was hard to wink. A queer cap of red satin, shaped like a pin-cushion, was placed upon her head, apparently upside down. Divided skirts of yellow satin, three overskirts of variegated colours, and a short jacket of greenish yellow silk completed the costume, with the addition of a gay robe of chiffon in prismatic colours, which

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was thrown over all the other drygoods. In spite of this bunchy and ungainly dress, the little bride looked quaintly pretty and wholly Oriental.

Her bridesmaids were dressed exactly as she was, save that each of them had at least half-a-bushel of false hair coiled in shiny, black braids on top of her head. Into these artificial braids were thrust dozens of silver and gold hairpins of all kinds, dominated by two enormous ones wrought into the form of carnivorous dragons' heads that seemed, from their eminence, to growl defiance at the beholder.

I came upon these bridesmaids suddenly, as I entered the room, and I must confess that the sight of these towering headgears gave me a start, at first. But when I observed that my own cherished head covering of straw, plumes, and ribbon frightened these little maidens quite as much as theirs did me, I felt a decided bond of sympathy, and at once sat down upon the floor with the whole bridal party about me. In spite of the barrier of language, we were soon upon friendly terms. One of the bridesmaids gave me the prettiest of her silver pins, and I bestowed upon her my best turquoise hat pin. We gave each other a sorority grip, and were friends upon the instant.

"I hope you are not going to put that pin in your hair, Jane," said Anne.

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“I surely am,” I said, thrusting it into a back coil, “and it isn’t sterilised, nor carbolised, nor sandpapered either. If one is going to bring any preconceived notions of germology into the Orient with him, he had better stay at home, wrap himself in antiseptic cotton and swat flies. Korea is no place for him.”

Anne smiled her peculiar little do-you-think-so kind of smile, and Miriam said, “It is really too bad for us to speak English before these people. I am sure we are offending them, for no people upon the face of the earth are more punctilious about forms of etiquette than the Korean.”

“I listen while you admonish, my dear sister,” I replied, “but I cannot talk Korean, and I must talk something.”

“Hush,” commanded Miriam, “do you hear that long-drawn-out wail in the distance? That’s the voice of the friends of the bridegroom, who are escorting him hither.”

“I have been listening to that unearthly chant,” said Anne, “no white man could possibly imitate it.”

“You are right,” said Miriam. “Dan and I have tried again and again to set those notes to music upon the piano, but have never succeeded.”

The bridegroom was ushered by his motley train into the yard before the bride’s home, and dis-

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mounted from his pony. A Korean gentleman does not sit astride his horse, but high above his head upon a padded mattress thrown over a rude saddle. The dignified rider sits on top of these bed-clothes with his feet drawn under him in true Oriental fashion. Naturally in this Humpty-Dumpty position he has no control over his horse, but must trust entirely to his *mapu*, who runs at the horse's head with a firm grip upon the bridle, to guide his steed. The rider is busy, the most of the journey, wondering in which direction he'll fall off, the next time the pony gives a start.

The best man was the bridegroom's most intimate friend, and he was dressed as a buffoon in a long red coat tied at the waist with a rope girdle. He looked much like Simple Simon, or the clown of a circus, although his face was blackened instead of being painted white. Like the American clown, his timeworn jests caused shrieks of hysterical laughter which served as a vent for the deeper feelings inspired by the marriage solemnities. In sharp contrast with the antics of the red man was the severe and dignified behaviour of the bridegroom.

Over the Korean gentleman's dress of dazzling white had been thrown a silk gauze garment, made kimono style, of a beautiful blue green colour. A belt of agate inscribed with Chinese symbols encircled his waist. His long hair was drawn up on

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top of his head into the characteristic Korean top-knot, and over it was placed the wedding hat, which is never worn at any other time save by officials and scholars.

“That hat looks like a fly-trap of wire netting,” said Anne, “but it really isn’t much worse than the artificial millinery one often sees upon human heads in America.”

“I think it is mighty becoming,” I replied, “and he evidently thinks so, too, for he keeps his gravity in a remarkable way in the midst of all this wonderful scenery.”

Escorted by several of his friends, the bridegroom was led before a low table, and directed to bow three times to the ground. “I have been told,” said Miriam, “that he is bowing before the spirits of his ancestors, supposed to be encased within those wooden tablets.”

“But I cannot see anything that looks like ancestral tablets,” I said.

“I confess I have never seen them either,” answered Miriam, “but they may be behind that small screen.”

As he arose from his last bow the bridegroom was seized, and whirled about to face the arched table whereon were placed a jar of cotton seed, two tall vases, two half-gourds connected by a string, and two wooden fish. As the groom was stationed

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before this table, the red man thrust a live goose under his arm.

“Mother Goose herself,” I exclaimed delightedly, “it’s all working out so perfectly.”

Miriam laughed. “The goose signifies conjugal fidelity,” she said, “for it mates but once, and—” At this moment the paper-covered door of the bride’s room was pushed open and six gaily bedizened bridesmaids, in all the glory of fiery-red skirts and huge head-dresses clambered down the rough stones that answered for steps, and lined up on each side of the path between the porch and the table. The last bridesmaids conducted the gorgeous little bride between them, and led her before the table facing her future lord. It was quite necessary that they should lead her, for her hands were lifted high before her face, and over them were thrown a bright scarf of silk that completely veiled her face from all beholders. By no chance could she see the bridegroom, neither could he catch a glimpse of her face—which I thought was rather hard upon both of them, for Miriam said they had never been in each other’s presence before. Three times he bowed to the ground before her, and three times she repeated the performance, signifying the great “I do” of our civilised ceremony.

“Such a hodge-podge, isn’t it?” I said.
“Wouldn’t it make a charming movie comedy?”

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“Be quiet with your light-headed observations,” Miriam said severely. “There’s logic and meaning somewhere in this spectacle, could one but find it, for eight million people are married in the course of one generation in this manner. It must be symbolical in some way.”

“To me it’s all a ‘hickory-dickory-dock’ performance. Come, let us go, or I shall be riding broomsticks if this continues much longer,” I retorted.

As we turned to leave, we saw them press the gourd of wine to the lips of the bride, who only tasted it, and in turn it was passed to the groom, who drank but a sip. It was then presented to the bridesmaids, who rounded out the ceremony by drinking all of it.

“It’s all over now,” said Miriam, “and I know you are tired. Shall we hurry home?”

“Yes,” said Anne, “it’s all inexpressibly sad to me. These people are surely

‘Infants crying in the night,
Infants crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.’

“It may be sad to you, but it’s joy to me,” I said. “I feel like ‘Alice in Wonderland,’ and I know I love Korea.”

Yours from the Other Side,

JANE.

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Kwangju, Korea, May, 19—.

My Mother:

Eight months in Korea, and I'm having the time of my life. Anne is studying the language; I'm talking it. Anne sits before an old top-knotted teacher, behind a barricade of text-books three feet high (I'd make it six if I had to face him), and gets each sentence grammatically correct and idiomatically wrong. I sit upon the floor at the girls' school and laugh and talk with Ah Soonie and Chagime. What they say to me I say back to them in the language they use, and in time the meaning penetrates. Anne's teacher finds synonyms for her in the dictionary, and she puts them together over a perfectly good English idiom, exactly like cut-out puzzles placed over a corresponding picture beneath, and the result is Korean as she is Americanised. But Anne doesn't care about local colour even in language. There's nothing in this heathen land that appeals to her excepting the scenery and souls. Koreans as individuals never enter her consciousness, but at the mention of souls—collectively and especially statistically—she's alive to her finger-ends. Every Korean who comes within her mental vision is like an X-ray picture—his outer image is but a dim shadow outlining the mass of the soul within. Anne doesn't know one native from another—they all look alike to her.

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Mother, dear, your last letter says Uncle Jim thinks I must be weary of this life, and wouldn't it be well to think of coming home? Also that Dave is always asking when my boat will sail. Tell Uncle Jim I'm living in another existence, and I'm having new sensations every hour, and am ecstatically happy. Besides, please remind him that I'm lots less expensive out here than in America—that ought to ease his mind some. Tell him not to worry, I'm not going to volunteer for the mission field as Miriam did. Your son-in-law, Dan, will see to that. He considers me heterodox and “not fit for the kingdom.” Dan is the defender of the faith in this mission, and he's a perfect Augustine for the catechism (it was Augustine, wasn't it, who thought up that catechism?). Dan was almost paralysed the other day, when I told him that I thought man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy himself forever!

As to Dave: Into this new world I have come trailing clouds of glory from America, which *was* my home. Certainly in entire forgetfulness I am enjoying only the present, which is like another life upon another planet. The sensations of this unexplored world are so delightful that I haven't any mind to take up a previously abandoned existence. Perhaps this new planet belongs to the same solar

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system as the old, and is swinging around in the same orbit, and some day the two may meet, and things will fly off into space. But at present I am quite insensible to the actions of any other heavenly body. Besides, Dr. McCloud plays a much better game of tennis than Dave ever did, and he rides like a Cossack.

Since the kittens are settled and acclimated I must needs have something to worry about. Well, here it is, mother. I have a dependent family now to provide for, two boys, and a girl, and their helpless mother. This is the way it came about. I guess you know that a married woman out here is known as the mother of her oldest son or daughter. You will remember that I told you about "Sabbath Day's Mother," who came to meet Miriam at the train when we arrived. She named her oldest daughter Sabbath Day, and, of course, she is "Sabbath Day's Mother." She has been sewing for Miriam, and a few days ago came into my room with a haggard face, and a long flesh wound across her temple.

"On-Seekillie (Korean for Sabbath Day), what has happened? How were you hurt? Why did you come up here in this condition?" I exclaimed. She crouched at the side of the room, and threw her arm over her head.

"He's gone Pueen. He won't come again—it's

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all over. Oh, don't send me home, I can do your work. I can do your work."

"Horrible, you will bleed to death with that gash in your head. It must be bandaged at once."

"Oh, don't send me to the hospital," she moaned. "No one must know. This cloth about my head is all right. I want to do my work. It is not very deep this time. I buried the big knives. Before, the knife was sharp and long, and he cut my arm to the bone. I almost died then, for the children could not stop the blood. When I was lying upon the floor I had a vision of Chrisuto, your Chrisuto, you know. He came to me down a ray of light. I reached out my arms to Him, but He told me to stay with my children. Have you ever had a vision, Pueen?"

"No, why should I? Don't talk about such things now. Tell me how you were hurt, and who did it. I am going to bandage your head immediately."

"It's not bleeding much now." She was groping blindly for the sewing basket.

"Put down that basket and face me," I commanded. "I want to know who cut your face so cruelly, and if he was taken to the police station?"

"Japanese police court! Oh, Pueen, not that, not that! He wasn't sent before the magistrate. I couldn't endure it, it would be too terrible," and

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she burst into a flood of tears. "He—he is the ruler—the high gentleman. He would lose face. You will never tell anyone, will you? No man is ever called before the magistrate because he beats his wife,—that's custom."

I was furious. "The East is East and the West is West, but here is where they meet," I said to myself. "Dan Sanderson shall surely set this thing right before night, or I'll do it myself." With a tremendous lump in my throat I rushed into the room where Miriam was bathing the baby, and asked where Dan was.

"He left this morning upon a hard, itinerating trip, as you will know, if you stop to think, Jane," she said.

"Oh, Miriam, I want his help. The most terrible thing has just been told me by On-Seekillie, and she's now in my room with a cut in her head. I want her brute of a husband arrested at once. I'll go into the police court myself as a witness."

"Jane, you dear hothead, I advise you to go slowly in rushing into Korean domestic affairs. You'll get beyond your depth in a wonderfully short time."

"I'd rather be a hothead than a cold, crawling snail, Miriam Sanderson. I understood that On-Seekillie was a Christian, and one of your church members."

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“She is, and a good one, too. That is the reason she is beaten up by her heathen husband. Look at the baby, Jane. She wants to come to you. It is time for me to teach the Monday Bible class for the women. On-Seekillie is a member of that class, and we’ll ask for special prayer for her at this time.”

“Special prayer, fiddlesticks!” I stormed. “She needs something beside special prayer, and I’m going to see that she gets it. You may pass by on the other side if you want to, but I am going to take On-Seekillie over to the hospital and have her head dressed, and then I’m going down to the village to take her family away from that brute of a man. Her little girl, almost a baby, is there, and she may be dead from exposure, right now.”

“The baby is all right,” replied Miriam. “She followed her mother up here from the village, and sat down in front of the house and cried until John and David piloted her around to the kitchen. The cook is now probably feeding her our rice and kimchi from his own bowl. You may do as you please, but I know Korean family affairs are a hopeless tangle, and the only thing that can bring order out of this turmoil is the love of Jesus Christ in the individual heart, and that’s the reason I leave my baby and boys at home now, and go to teach

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this Bible class. There is no other hope for these people."

I didn't stop to listen, as I recognised the symptoms of a sermon, but hurried back to my room to drag On-Seekillie, by force or reason, over to the hospital.

"Pueen, I'd rather go over to the Bible class. I can tie up my head. It doesn't ache much."

"You are a perfect Oriental. You haven't the least practical sense. That cut may become infected, and then you'll die. Never mind that class, come with me."

"The baby?" she inquired, "where is she?"

"She's all right. She's in the kitchen warm and comfortable, and I'm going to take you to Anne, to have your head dressed."

Anne's deft fingers bound up the wound, and Dr. McCloud, entering the dispensary, as we were about to leave, said heartily, "Miss Jane, this is great. That woman is worth anything you can do for her. That man will kill her some day if she isn't protected. Cut in the temple, this time, Miss Anne?"

"Dr. McCloud, can't we have her husband imprisoned?" I asked.

"Not for beating his wife—in this country. That's custom. Moreover, she would die before she would endure the disgrace of having him pulled

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before the magistrate. That woman doesn't feel the hurt of the blows ten minutes after they are given. Her faith lifts her above physical pain."

"You're just like all missionaries. Don't tell me that any mental exaltation can lift that woman above the stinging pain of such cruelty. I am going to take care of her myself."

"How?" asked the doctor with a quizzical look.

"I shall bring her and her children up to that empty *sarang* below the compound. I'd never sleep if we knew she were in the hands of that brute again."

"I admire your grit. But you have done something when you have taken a Korean family under your care. I'll come down to help you when you are ready to move them. Sometime this evening?"

"Yes, before dark. They ought to be housed before that man returns. He will make a struggle to keep them."

"I'm with you, Miss Jane," said the doctor, as he stood in the door of the dispensary.

"Be sure you come down to her house before sun-down," I called to him as we left.

On-Seekillie was the most obstinate thing when I told her of my plan. She was actually loath to leave that terrible man, mother, and begged to be allowed to go on at her poor dying rate of living.

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“ Oh, Pueen, I’m afraid to leave him,” she begged. “ He will surely kill me when he finds that I have run away from him. And it is my little house I am going to leave, and—and—the tables and mats and sleeping quilts were given to me by my mother. I do love him though he beats me.”

“ You’re just like any other woman, though you were raised in a heathen land,” I said angrily. “ But you are going to obey me in this. You are going to have a better home, too, this very night.”

“ I am grateful, grateful to you, Pueen. I will go if it is God’s will, but I know He would have helped me. I do not want to trouble you.”

That afternoon I mounted Ginger, and left the compound for a glorious gallop through the maze of the rice fields, then on further to the slopes of Mootung San, the great mountain just three miles away from the compound. Ginger’s high mettle and swift motion, in the cool rush of the opposing air, was delicious excitement to me, and I rode on and on, with no thought of time.

Suddenly, I realised that the shadows were creeping in great, black blotches along the western slopes, and as I rose in the saddle and looked across the rocks and ravines stretching toward the valley below, I knew we had gone too far to make the return to the compound before sun-down. My heart failed me as I pictured On-Seekillie waiting

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for me in Korean helplessness. "The Ruler" might reach her now, before I could. It was sickening, and I blamed my thoughtlessness.

In a flash, I thought of the short cut to the main road that lay through the Temple grounds just above me. I urged Ginger forward, and turned his head toward a pine thicket. The climb was in dead earnest. The loose earth slipped beneath his feet as the brave fellow toiled and strained to regain the path above. The stunted pine-trunks offered but slight foothold, and the stiff branches closed about us spitefully.

The trail was gained, but the horse's flanks were heaving deeply.

"Oh, Ginger," I said, patting his quivering neck, "that was a cruel climb, and we're going down now, and you'll not feel the sharp edges of the stones if you gallop swiftly enough."

Down and down through the ravine we swept, toward the Temple enclosure. The great wooden gates were bolted for the night, but at the sharp tap of my riding whip upon the ancient drum that was hung at the entrance an old priest appeared, and with a dazed expression swung back the doors upon their creaking hinges, at my command.

If caught, he would have to do penance for that act. With a bold leap Ginger cleared the waterfall at the base of the Temple steps, and I turned

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to wave a grateful "goodbye" to the blinking old priest above.

The broad plain of the lower valley was reached, but not before twilight. I pulled rein to slacken Ginger's speed, as we neared the outskirts of the village, where On-Seekillie lived. A slow drumming came from the line of low huts that lay like thatched bee-hives in the gathering dusk.

"That can mean but one thing," I said to myself with a sinking heart. "Someone has called in the village sorcerer. He is chanting and drumming to drive the demons out of some poor mortal, and oh, it may be On-Seekillie. Her husband has returned, and oh, God, what may he not be doing to her!"

I urged Ginger on. The road seemed leagues long as we flew down its white stretches, scattering amazed *jickey* men to the right and left. From Ginger's mount I looked over the stone walls of the Korean enclosure. Yes, the sorcerer was seated upon the ground before On-Seekillie's house, and with fearful din was pounding his hour-glass drum in weird Oriental cadences. This sound always chills my bones, and strikes dread to my very soul. But this time, mother, it was not the wild wail that made me sicken and turn faint, but a white object that was barely discernible upon the floor of the little room beyond—dimly visible through the swinging paper door. Just above this still object

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bent a Korean man with upraised ironing stick in his hand. As Ginger rode at full speed to the outer gate, slightly ajar, I urged him forward with a heavy blow of the whip, and the weak bamboo gate gave way with a crash as his great body plunged into the enclosure before the house.

The squatting sorcerer unbraided his legs, and fled in terror, throwing his drum-sticks as he went. Ginger made one curvette, and whirling, dropped his forefeet into the top of the drum. With a quick glance into the house I saw the ironing stick fall of its own weight upon the helpless form below. The Korean man turned to see what black devil the sorcerer had conjured up. His eyes bulged with terror, as he caught sight of the towering genie that was entering his home in the gathering dark. He came crouching out of the low door, and I raised my whip. In the lowest talk I could command I said, "Stop beating that woman, or I'll strike you! If you kill her, you will be killed, too."

"It's the foreign woman," he gasped. Then, recovering his suavity in true Oriental fashion, he bowed low, and said, "Great Lady, have you eaten your honourable rice?"

"Why are you beating On-Seekillie?" I demanded. "Unbind her this instant, and let her come to me. She's bleeding horribly."

"That *thing* in there?" he asked in contempt.

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“That’s the ‘inside of my house’ (Korean word for wife). She meant to run away, so I am taking the devil out of her. I regret that I cannot offer entertainment to my high guest, the Great Lady. My house is in disorder, as you see. All of my possessions have been loaded upon a *jickey*, and were to have been taken to another place, but I’ll block that now.”

“No you won’t,” I said in white heat. “Your helpless family is coming with me. I shall protect them. You shall help me move, too. Get under that *jickey* and load it upon your shoulders immediately. You are going to carry those household things up to my *sarang*.”

For a moment he stood looking at me out of his narrow eyes, and blinked as though blinded by a bright light. Then he laughed in a hateful way and reached for something behind him. Quick as a thought Ginger reared his great length high above the eaves of the thatched roof, and as he came down I brought my whip full across the face of that Korean in stinging authority. With a growl of pain and anger he fell forward. Ginger just missed him with his hoofs as he reared again. I was not afraid, for I knew the craven nature of the man before me was cowed, and that there was no strength in him.

As he staggered to his feet I threw myself from

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the horse, and going over to the quaking sorcerer, who was crouching by the wall, I said in Korean, which he understood, "Hold this bridle, and hold it tight. That horse of mine is a bigger and blacker devil than any you can conjure up with your drumsticks. If you let him pull the bridle out of your hands he will unfold his wings and fly away with you upon his back, and you'll never see Kwangju again." With hands that trembled he took the reins and held on for dear life, while Ginger pawed the earth.

As I turned to On-Seekillie's husband I saw him stoop to pick up something, and start toward the door of the hut.

"No, you don't," I exclaimed in anger. "I have need of that knife myself. I am going to cut the cords that bind On-Seekillie." With a quick movement I was ahead of him, and had secured the knife.

"I wasn't after that knife," he growled. "I want my overcoat and hat. I'll not leave this house without them."

"To be sure," I said a little hysterically, in relief at the subjection of the foe. "Here they are, and be quick about getting under that *jickey* and moving on, it's dark and we must get up to that *sarang*." I cut the cords which bound On-Seekillie. She lay a moment, passively, until I

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unbound the rag about her mouth, then she sprang for the door.

“My boys, my boys, Pueen, where are they?” she cried. “He surely did not kill them. They are his valuable sons. Call them, search for them quickly.”

“Be quiet a minute, On-Seekillie,” I commanded. “I’ll go in search of them.”

I swung the rawhide whip as I went into the yard. Whatever of fierce rage and hatred that Korean gnetleman might have felt was carefully controlled as he deliberately tied on his white overcoat, and adjusted his gauze fly-trap hat.

His Korean self-respect was assured when these articles were regained. With outward calm, but with a look of malice at me, he stooped and thrust his arms through the straw-plaited ropes of the *jickey*, and raised it upon his back. With a slow step and a backward look at Ginger prancing by the stone wall, he went through the gate. I turned to look for the children. Upon the mud floor of the shed that answers for a kitchen in this land, On-Seekillie was frantically turning over piles of bundled grass and searching furiously behind everything that could hide a child.

“They are not here, they are not here. I’m afraid. Oh, Pueen, help me find them,” she wailed.

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Stifled by the odours of that kitchen and the sight of the blood-covered woman in her frantic efforts to find her children, I walked around the house to the open well. With a start I saw the lid of a huge earthen jar lift uncannily, as two brown heads and four black eyes appeared at the brim.

I uttered a cry of delight and relief, and On-Seekillie threw herself upon the children.

"We want out," they yelled with one voice. "It's smelly in here."

"I'm glad you noticed that," I remarked, as I helped them out of the jars, "for I always thought cabbage and turnips were the elixir of life to you."

"But that *kimchi* is spoiled," they wailed.

"Just so," I assented. "Now, you youngsters help your mother gather up your rice bowls and come with me. But keep in the rear, you surely need a bath."

"Where's father?" asked the children, creeping up to their mother.

"Don't be afraid of him. He's gone," I told them. "Now do as I tell you, and run around to the front of the house."

With fear in every action the little fellows clasped hands and crept slowly along the side of the wall.

"Pueen, Pueen!" I soon heard in shrill tones. Grasping On-Seekillie in alarm and wondering

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what fresh domestic complications might be before me, I rushed to the scene.

Oh, mother, what a sight was there! That sorcerer, with true Korean instincts, had jerked Ginger's bridle until the big black fellow was frothing with rage. By a mighty effort he had torn away,—then starting back and standing over the Korean had snatched at his top-knot with his teeth, and at that moment was shaking him in mid-air like a rat. The native was almost dead from fright.

"Drop him, Ginger!" I cried, hurrying toward them. "You'll scalp him sure. Drop him, I say!" Ginger looked at me a moment, rolled his eyes, and then gave him another shake. The ludicrous sight was too much for my overwrought nerves, and I sat down upon the ground in uncontrollable laughter. On-Seekillie looked on in distress.

Someone entered the gate, and I heard a deep American voice tinged with authority and heaps more, saying, "Miss Jane! Are you hurt?"

"That Ginger," I exclaimed, catching my breath. "Stop him, or he'll kill that man." The doctor snatched at the bridle. Ginger gave one last shake and tossed the sorcerer against the stone wall.

"That *chumjangie* probably thinks Ginger is some kind of an enchanted dragon, and he's mighty glad to get off with his life," I said.

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“But how about you?” asked the doctor, as he tried to take in the situation.

“I’ll be all right as soon as you help me to my feet. For goodness’ sake let’s get away from this house and settle this family for the night. Have you a lantern?”

On-Seekillie had thrown her arms around me, and was crying helplessly, and the two boys clinging to her skirts added to the din by howling lustily.

“Mercy, what a scene—my whole family going bad,” I said, almost ready to cry.

With quiet mastery the doctor swept On-Seekillie to Ginger’s back, and I held the horse while he commanded the Korean woman to hold on tight. He lifted the two boys to place them behind their mother, but almost dropped them as he exclaimed, “Great Scott, who dropped them in the *kimchi* barrel? They smell like—”

“Never mind,” I said soothingly, “they really aren’t much worse than your hospital, and they are going to have a bath this very night.”

“You are the limit, Miss Jane. Why didn’t you wait until I came to help you move this family? I was delayed in the dispensary. I lost ten pounds when I saw you there upon the floor.”

“On-Seekillie couldn’t wait. She was being killed.”

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“And you tackled that man alone? Where is he?”

“Didn’t you meet him with a *jickey* on his back as you came down?”

The doctor stopped our little procession, and looked me squarely in the face. “And you—you forced him to move his family possessions up to the compound! Girl, you’re the greatest thing out from America yet.”

“Oh, don’t,” I said, “it’s a perfect mess. It all happened because I was late, and there’s a poor, old, Buddhist priest back at the Temple probably getting forty stripes at this minute, because I made him open the gates after the closing bell, and On-Seekillie’s all beaten up, and—and—” The reaction was proving too much for me, and the tears were coming—but the sight of On-Seekillie’s husband, dignified and haughty in his long, white overcoat, plodding along under that *jickey* saved the day.

My family was disposed of, and safely settled in the *sarang*. In forcible and convincing words Dr. McCloud told that Korean man what would happen to him if he molested his helpless family again, and sent him out into the night.

There was a flash in his eye, and a peculiar tenderness in his voice as he bade me “good night.” I did not go into the house at once, but sat down

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upon the balustrade of the porch, and watched his lantern swinging in unison with his long tread, down the path to the hospital.

I'm quite sure the members of this mission will have a station meeting to decide what to do with me, but do not worry, mother, I'm having a tremendous time wandering around out here at will in this mission field.

I love you heaps,
JANE.

Mother Mine:

It was field day with the lepers, and Dr. McCloud asked me to ride with him to the colony to watch the sports. A long time I had wanted to make this little journey, but when it has been suggested the missionaries have always said: "Not yet. Wait until you have been here awhile. Wait until your sensibilities have become a bit hardened."

The day was glorious. Autumn tints had touched the maples of the compound road, and the low shrubbery by the path, further on, was russet and gold and bronze. Ginger curvetted and danced in high mettle, and I laughed a challenge to the doctor for a test of speed. As I turned in the saddle, Ginger jumped aside with a snort of terror. A dark form,—something with stary eyes—had moved in the brush. The doctor was at my side in

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an instant. "Do not look behind you. Ride on," he called. I felt Ginger quiver, and his muscles tighten as he regained the path. We were in for a run. The doctor reached for my bridle, but I cut Ginger with the whip, and he broke into a wild gallop of terror and excitement. We rode like the wind. The cool rush of the air in my face was delicious, and miles we had covered before I had him under control. The doctor's horse kept pace, leap for leap, with Ginger.

As the horses, exhausted, slowed down, I turned to the doctor with the question, "What was it?" in my eyes.

"It's awful to have to tell you, Miss Jane," he said gravely, "but that bundle of rags with the two big eyes in the middle was a leper. A human being—a God-made human being. He is crawling on his hands and feet like an insect, to find shelter in that asylum, and we have no money now in the treasury with which to take him in."

There was a break in his voice, and it was some time before he could control himself enough to say, "I had hoped you would not see him. Forget it. Turn here to the right; this trail leads over the hills to the colony."

"But why should I be guarded always from disagreeable experiences?" I protested. "I resent your oversight."

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“An American girl is a goddess,” was his answer. “Why should she trail through slime when it is not necessary? Let us dismount and walk up to the first building. I want you to see Aing Soonie.”

We tied our horses by the wayside, and walked along the narrow path. Purple-sage and golden-rod nodded to us as we passed. Five brick buildings of American architecture, surrounded by vegetable gardens, were set in thrifty homeliness at the foot of some low hills; an open well-sweep in the foreground.

“Nothing doing,” said the doctor, striding lightly up the steep path, and coming back to me. “Every woman on the place has put on her best, and has gone over to the colony of the men—where the field day stunts are being put on. It’s a half-mile farther over the hills. Shall we mount and canter the distance?”

“Let’s walk. Tell me about these lepers. You say so little about this, or any other part of your work.”

“What I have to say about it is mighty poor table-talk, and where else have I seen you since coming to Kwangju? No one talks shop on the tennis court, you know. I haven’t forgotten that once I drove you into the hold of a ship by saying something straight, as I believed it.”

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"I don't hate you now as I did then. I think I'm different."

The doctor turned and, putting his arm around the horse's neck, he rubbed his cheek against the soft brown velvet nose. He was a long time in answering, "Just enough different to be dangerous." There was another pause.

"Here goes for shop, then. This leper work is my diversion. A fellow in India once said that most men play golf for recreation, but that he played leper. Well, that describes it—I play leper."

"I like that. You do not call it a 'cause.' Causes bore me."

He was not listening to what I said. His eyes were upon a strange procession of white objects—several hundreds of them—marching down the hillside in our direction. A girl of eighteen led them. Her oval face, rich in its olive tints, heightened by a natural carmine on the cheeks, was framed in a suit of glossy black hair, gathered simply into a long braid that hung down her back. She wore a straight skirt of light blue, and a spotless waist of white, fastened at the side with one tiny button. She was a lovely sight.

"And is she a leper?" I asked with a shudder.

"Yes, that's Aing Soonie," answered Dr. McCloud. "Two years ago I found her one morning huddled by the roadside near the hospital. Three

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men, lepers, were with her. They had all slept in an old brick kiln, the night before. I never wanted to know more of her history; she was a slave to those men—that I know.” His lips closed with an odd twitch.

“I wrote to an aunt of mine about her,” he went on,—“an aunt who buys a fur coat one winter, a new electric car the next, and tours Europe the next—rotates—for the sake of economy, as she says. I thought likely she’d want a bargain this year,—a human life, cheap, you know; costs about one-tenth of the upkeep of an electric. But she wrote that she couldn’t afford it.” His jaws closed with a snap and his eyes shone angrily.

“I’m a fool to tell you things like this.—They’re coming fast now, look at that line of boys. Kids, you know. They’re going to put on the stunts at the track meet.”

I looked up. Behind Aing Soonie were twenty or thirty girls, laughing and waving friendly little hands to the doctor. Then came a line of boys in double formation. They were dressed in white trousers, and white jackets and wore red and blue baseball caps. They paused a moment to give a military salute, then in a wild riot broke ranks to rush upon the doctor. It was a boyish onslaught. They were about to throw themselves upon him—their idol, their hero. I drew a quick breath but

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there was a pause, a shock, an imperceptible change, and every boy drew up twenty feet from us. They were lepers, and the invisible barrier was there.

From a group of men in the foreground, an old man hobbled toward us. His feet were swathed in bulky bandages, and his skin had the peeled, pink look that comes to these people who have been under treatment for some time. His teeth protruded like those of a chipmunk, for he could not close his short upper lip over them. His nose was sunken by the disease.

"Hello, Chongno," said the doctor heartily. "Boys all here?"

The Korean bowed ceremoniously. "Honourable doctor, your Excellency has been selected as referee for the *basee baw game*."

"All right," assented the doctor, "but don't you call me '*Um-pie*.' If you must use English terms you'll have to learn to pronounce them so they sound like English. Where's your coach? I didn't know you knew how to play baseball. Who taught you?"

The whole crowd were as pleased as Punch at this question, for they delighted to surprise the doctor.

"Kee Haingie, your Excellency. You see he has all of his fingers, and we sent him down to stand on the hill outside the baseball grounds of the

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boys' school, and he listened well, and looked well, and came back to teach us. Our boys can play just like the boys of the school." Their eagerness, community pride and yearning to live the life of other humans made my throat ache with the hurt of it.

More than a hundred women were grouped under the trees at the right of the diamond. Their enthusiasm and enjoyment were contagious. The technical terms were called out in queer English, for there is no baseball vocabulary in the Korean language. The "pitcher" and the "catcher" were lads as bright and strong and as animated as American high-school boys.

Dr. McCloud took his position behind the "catcher," and the game was started. The first boy up grabbed the bat with fingers that were missing at the first joint, but the direct, full swing of his stroke carried the ball far to left field. A yell from five hundred enthusiastic rooters split the air, as he slid to second. I found myself shouting too as the game progressed and the excitement mounted. At my side in ecstatic motion was a tiny child not over eight years of age. My, but she *was* cunning with her long skirt reaching to the ground, and her very short, little, old jacket buttoned tight over her flat chest. Crystal beads of perspiration stood out upon her pug nose, and her laughing eyes

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glanced from out of her kitten face. With every crack of the bat her little feet left the ground, and like a toy on springs she bounced up and down in delicious excitement. I wanted to hug her. I wanted her for my very own—Oh, God, she was a leper!

Suddenly the pity, the horror, and the significance of the whole scene gripped me with the icy fingers of a winter wind. Here was beauty and young life, wistful age, pulsing hopes, ambitions, all—all—in the relentless clutch of a fiend, a demon of disease. The sight of those eager, laughing faces, many of them twisted and distorted with paralysis, all bent upon the fun of the moment, swept me with such a revulsion of feeling that I could not endure it another second. That great, healthy doctor in the midst of that grewsome circle of gargoyles, with here and there the curves of a soft girlish face, seemed a hideous impersonation of a Tibetan Buddha, surrounded by the convolutions of a hundred sprites, demons and angels. Without a sound, without a word to him, I ran down the path and followed a narrow trail along the hillside. Only there could I breathe freely. I tried to forget it, to put away the images that floated before my sight. Flowers and tender growing vines covered the rising ground; but they were contaminated things. I might not touch them. A bane, a curse

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like a foul miasm, had settled upon the whole place for me. Following the thread of a trail that promised to lead to sweet air and unpolluted sunshine, I climbed the hill. In a sheltered cove under the lee of a huge rock, a tiny building with one opening,—a door—met my gaze.

“It must be the dwelling of some hermit, some recluse, who has chosen this unwholesome neighbourhood for his meditations and reflections,” I thought. In very mockery of my mood the door flew open, as I passed, and the thin, worn face of a young girl appeared as though carved in bas-relief against the dark panelling behind her. I screamed in involuntary fright at the strange apparition. An emaciated hand of wax beckoned to me, and a low voice, tender, husky, whispered to me, “Did the blues or the reds win?”

Oh, that ball-game of the fiends! This girl, too, must be a leper. I turned to shut out the sight, but the pleading in her great, sunken eyes made me answer, “I do not know. Nothing could hold me there to see that game. And you, who are you?”

“Oh, I’m Soonie. This is the *soul house* I am in. I’m dying. This is the last place they put us before Jesus comes for us. I think I’ll go to Him tomorrow, or maybe the next day. But I wanted to tell Him about the ball-game, my brother was to be shortstop. It’s lonesome in here, and cold, but

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a spirit that I can hear breathe is with me in this room. Was the doctor there?" The tears were rolling down my cheeks, now, and sobs, great, choking sobs, came to my relief.

"Oh, you are sorry," said the leper girl. "I wish I could pat your cheek to tell you not to cry. It's lonesome, but I'm so happy. It's dry and clean in here, and my dress is white. In times before, I slept in chimney fire-places, and nobody would talk to me. Tell me, don't you think I'll look pretty after I'm dead? I wish they would put blue leather shoes on my feet to hide the places where the toes aren't. I'd like to have Aing Soonie see them. The Sunday before they put me in here she couldn't find the place in the hymn-book because she was looking all the time at her new shoes, and they were just straw-string shoes, too. Oh, there's the doctor. He's coming to see me. Don't you think he is handsome? Aing Soonie says God made him after an image!"

She held up stumps of arms from which the hands were gone, but the smile that twisted about her thin lips threw a glory over her worn face.

"Jane,—Miss Jane, I say," cried the doctor, "this is what I wanted to keep from your eyes, and you are here. Do not stay in this place. Come with me, this experience has been too much for you." He placed himself in quiet authority be-

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tween me and the *soul-house*. The dying girl raised her voice and called insistently to him.

“The blue shoes, doctor,—don’t forget them before they burn my body.”

He turned to her with a look of intense sympathy and smiled as he gave the promise of the kid shoes. But there was a catch in his voice as he said to me, “You have sounded the depths of this place. I wanted to be with you when you saw these sights for the first time, but here you have stumbled alone into the most gruesome corners.”

“Burn the body?” I queried, dazed and stunned. “And that is the meaning of that heap of faggots over there?”

“Come with me,” he commanded, and put my hand within his arm. “The horses have been sent around the lower road, and we’ll find them just over the hill. The games are over, and you are not fit to stay in this place any longer.”

“It’s a den of horrors,” I said passionately. “I feel as though I were standing over a crater of Hades. That little girl, those boys, and Aing Soonie, and now this *soul house*, and Soonie. Oh, how do you stand it?”

He had led the way to a lovely spot far from the asylums, where azaleas and low maples tipped with the amber and coral of sprouting foliage, formed a natural bower.

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“What you have just seen is a bit of Paradise,” said the doctor presently. “No, please do not interrupt me. It is Paradise to these people, and it is a place where the doors of Heaven may be opened to them. Those lepers are outside the pale to us, but this asylum is founded upon the rock of faith in Jesus Christ, and He is the Invisible Presence who rules its every activity.”

“Don’t moralise,” I said, looking away from him, and pulling a leaf to shreds, “tell me instead how you keep your poise, and oh, your very reason in this work.”

He gave me a quizzical smile. “I can keep my reason and sanity all right, as I go among the people you have just seen, for even the *soul house* here is Arcady compared with the hideous *maak* outside the gates of this compound. That is hell right enough, but you shall not see it, so God help me.”

“Why, I ask again, do you want to shield me in this way? I know about it. In imagination I have visualised its ghastly crew ever since the great eyes of that leper stared up at me from the bush. It is useless to try to shield me like a child. I shall see those eyes, always,—at night.”

“I regret this, deeply regret it.”

“But why?” I asked impatiently. “Am I not like other girls? Can I not help in this work?”

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When I go back to America I think I shall cry the needs of this colony from the housetops. At least every woman's organisation I can reach shall hear my voice."

The doctor raised his hand and gently freed a white butterfly caught in a spider's web.

"I feared that answer, Jane."

He did not say *Miss Jane*. I would have given the tip of my little finger to have been able to control the pink flush that tinged my cheek.

"I do not understand you, Dr. McCloud. I know about this work now, I am it's champion. I can send your treasurer hundreds of dollars, perhaps, when I go back."

"Many women are doing that. I have wanted, oh Jane Selfridge, I have wanted, with all the strength of my soul, something deeper for you."

He had risen, and as he stood there in his glorious manhood there was something of a divinity that breathed from him. Almost roughly he grasped my wrists.

"Jane, I love you with every atom of my being. I cry out for you. I want you not as a champion, I want you as an ally—my mate,—but I cannot ask you to marry me. I have wanted you to give yourself to this work—then I can claim you."

Before his vehemence I drew back. He released my wrists, and turned from me with a sob. Oh

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mother mine, never has a sound like that so hurt my heart. I felt that we were upon a mountain peak where the air was too rarified for me. I could not breathe. Suddenly he came back, and in a voice, tender, deep, but under control, said, "I have said the words that have been buried in my heart since those hours upon the boat. I want you as a traveller in the burning Sahara wants water, as a pilgrim climbing the rocky steep of a sacred mountain on bleeding knees wants a vision. But God Almighty must give you to me. He must call you to the life out here. Nothing else will do. You do not love me now, and I am not asking you to try. Your life here in this God-forsaken land would be a failure if you entered it because you loved me. I must have something else."

I was choking with wounded pride.

"You are putting love of this work before the love you offer me," I burst out. "I shall not listen to you further."

Oh, how hollow, futile, contradictory and foolish those words sounded as I uttered them, in the face of his great passion and sacrifice, and all I had felt of deeper stirrings that day! My pitiful, little emotions seemed to dwarf and dwindle in the presence of this Galahad,—and in revolt against him and his sounding perfections I hurried down to where the horses were tied. In the lowering twilight we

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rode home together, but I could not speak to him again.

Mother, I feel like the Lady of Shalot, caught in the mesh of the broken strings of her loom. Mountain tops are too rarified for me. I wish Dave were here. He is an ant-hill.

Yours in a Maze,
JANE.

April, 19—.

Mother Mine:

Tomorrow we leave for Mokpo, and from there sail for the island of Quelpart, or, as the Koreans call it, the island of Chaiju, in the Pacific Ocean. It may be years before you receive this diary-letter, recording my adventures, for I am certain that upon this voyage I shall discover the island of my dreams, and that I shall be shipwrecked upon its distant shore. Miriam declares that this particular island is inhabited, and she is sailing with the express purpose of holding a Bible class for women among the natives. Anne goes with her to heal all manner of diseases, and to advertise the hospital, while I, they think, ship as ballast. But in reality I have decided that in some way I'm going to be cast upon an unknown coast, and I'm going to take up the life that Robinson Crusoe laid down when he was rescued, and came back to civilisation. I have

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borrowed Dan's gun, and shall take the dog Kim, much to Anne's disapproval.

Some Days Later.

My dreams have come true. I've been good all these years for this one purpose. My prayer, hope, ambition and aim for eighteen years has been to be shipwrecked as Robinson Crusoe was, and now I've arrived. It was partly Providential, but I helped some.

We sailed at Mokpo for the Southern Seas in a boat manned by aboriginal Japanese. Our quarters were below, amidships, where in a stuffy cabin seventeen natives were already stretched out in shocking *dishabille*. After inspecting this sleeping apartment, with one accord we rushed up the stairway and voted to stay on deck during the voyage.

It was a wonderful day as we drew anchor and curved, outward bound, among a thousand islands.

"Oh, Anne, it's the sea, the sea, and it's the Pacific," I cried. "This craft is tiny and frail, and we've every chance of being shipwrecked. Look at that stern and rockbound coast ahead; it is an island, and oh, so lonesome. There's the yawning mouth of the cave that winds back to the dragon's lair."

"Only that yawning cave is a fisherman's cove,

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and that island has a teeming population of forty-three Koreans,—all descendants of one patriarch. The missionary who itinerates there told me all about those people,” Anne replied. That girl always *was* a perfect kill-joy.

“Jane, listen to me,” said Miriam, cuddling down upon a coil of rope, and putting a little, cold hand into mine. “The story of the conquest of these lovely islands is more wonderful than any fairy story ever told. Seventeen years ago, an American man came to this land as a missionary. In one of these little boats, just outside this harbour, during a terrible storm, he went down. His last cry was echoed in the heart of another man who came out here to take up his work. Days and nights, in loneliness, this man sails from island to island in search of lost men who are stranded upon these isolated shores; and to minds dark with superstition and fear of demons and spirits, he brings the flaming torch of God’s love and the sacrifice of His Son. Many times in cold and hunger has he grounded his boat upon the strand of one of these islands about us. Hidden within the heart of many of these fishermen’s coves is a little church dedicated to the worship of the Lord Jehovah. Though only a straw thatched hut, that building is more splendid than any storied pagoda or gilded temple. It was love that built it.”

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Miriam is a darling when she looks as she did then, and when her clear eyes gaze off into space, as she tries to picture to you the deeds of the heroes she worships. That day I knew her heart was aching with longing for the baby and the boys whom she had left with Mrs. Preston. I drew her up to me tight.

"Saint," I whispered, "I'll listen to your little preaching if you will tell me that that missionary is big, and virile, and athletic, and loses his temper at times; and doesn't preach over thirty minutes to us suffering Americans when he is in the station."

"He's seldom in the station, Jane, he's middle-aged, and his hair is thin, and he's near-sighted. He has lived out here for twenty years. His wife and baby lie on the hillside back of the compound, and he goes alone among these islands." She paused for a moment and then went on, "How I wish you could love church services, Jane."

"Well, I don't, especially out here where one hasn't even the diversion of hats to study. Wasn't that a whale that flopped his tail, out there upon the horizon, Anne?" I called.

"A dolphin, probably." Anne was seated at the point farthest north of the odours of the kitchen, and was lost in the beauties of the scenery.

"Have you never felt the Spirit of God calling

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you to a life of love and sacrifice for Him?" continued Miriam.

"If you mean a wild, uncomfortable beating of the heart when I happen to go to an evangelistic meeting, yes, but I get away from that feeling."

"Oh, don't, sister." Miriam's eyes filled with tears. "It's dangerous. You make your heart so callous and your ears so deaf that a time may come when these things will not move you, and you will be dead spiritually. Why do you not yield?" (She's so much like you, mother.)

"Because I could not follow my own will. I could not plan my own life."

"Little sister, there is some other lion in the path. Years ago, you said it was the fear of having to become a minister's wife."

"Indeed it was. Didn't I see how mother had to scrimp and slave and skimp to keep up appearances, and how she had to be all things to all women until her individuality was worn absolutely to zero. A crowd of mediocre church members hung about her neck like a millstone, and she was drowned in the depths of a sea of special meetings, special music, and special programs, put forth to interest and work up enthusiasms in a congregation that demanded religious entertainment and ecclesiastical emotions at the least possible cost of exertion to themselves."

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“But exquisite returns were the price of that self-effacement. Her touch turned to gold many a life of dross. I do not understand you, Jane.”

Mother, I could not tell Miriam, but Mahlon McCloud has become my lion in the path. Never, now, can I yield to a call to give my life to God. He has made it impossible. God will not accept a sacrifice that is so openly and patently a bribe. The door of missionary effort is closed to me, even should I knock thereat, which I, Jane Selfridge, am not willing to do. I did not answer her.

“God is not a malicious master who delights in tormenting His subjects by driving them to impossible tasks. He has planned a wonderful life for you, and is continually calling you to follow His guidance.

“Listen while I tell you a story that has influenced me powerfully. As Ole Bull, the musician, was once passing down a street, he heard the most awful discords coming from the interior of a blacksmith shop. He stopped to listen. Across an old violin the blacksmith was drawing a bow, and a fearful jargon of unmelodious sounds filled the air.

“‘Give the violin to me,’ demanded the master. Ungraciously the blacksmith released the instrument, and at once the whole air was alive with a

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burst of melody that made men listen. The blacksmith fell to his knees in ecstasy, as he said, ‘Oh, Master, I had been trying to find those notes for twenty years, and was in despair. The harmony was there, but only your hand could bring it into being. I’ll never play that violin again, but live upon the divine strains I have heard.’ That is consecration. Yield the life that you have been trying to play upon, into the Master’s hand and He will draw forth a divine melody that will bless hundreds with its sweetness.”

“Saint Miriam,” I said, “the cords of your being vibrate easily to a divine touch, but I’m different. It’s growing dark, and you will have to go below into that horrible hold. I shall stay on deck. My slicker will protect me.”

“But the wind is rising, and it will be cold tonight.”

“I shall wrap myself in the blankets.”

“The captain will order you below.”

“I do not understand Japanese, and I’ll not go.”

Miriam was ready to cry, but Anne saved the situation like a good sport. “Very well, then, help me unfold this cot,” she commanded professionally.

Within a very short time I was pinned up in blankets like a mummy—a hot water bottle at my feet, and stowed away in the stern of the boat

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with a great barricade of baggage between me and the curious crew and passengers.

The propeller churned the sea below, and threw a floating veil of silver phosphorus backward along the black waters. The stars drew up in serried ranks at the roll-call of the night. Like stealthy spies the black outlines of a hundred islands crept by in mysterious succession. Now and then, one of them, more reckless than its fellows, approached so near our ship that we almost grazed its side, and there were moments when I was mortally sure that we should bump into one of them and topple it over into the sea.

I could not sleep. The ghost of Miriam's missionary walked those waters, and not for a moment could I forget him. "I could love a work like that," I said to myself. "I do not wonder at its fascination. To feel that a people really needed you, and that Jesus Christ was a new Being, and that you could bring God to them! There would be inspiration in *that*. I shouldn't mind going hungry and cold, too, if I were doing something worth while."

I closed my eyes to open them in a little while to the glories of the night. Those passing islands fascinated me, and I fell to thinking of the men who would fit into the life of sacrifice among them; the life that Miriam had outlined.

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Suddenly I laughed aloud as I thought of one of the theological students whom I had known in days gone by. In my imagination he was sitting in the stern of a smelly, little sampan bound upon an itinerating trip among those islands. He was wearing a plush cap with ear flaps carefully pulled down, and there was nothing of buoyant life about him; he was just a miserable little heap. Then, in a flash, came the thought of Mahlon McCloud—and it isn't hard to think of him, either. He would sail these seas with his own hand upon the tiller, his head thrown back in exultation, his heavy hair tossed to the breeze as the canvas bellied and lugged beneath his strong command. Ah, he would have kept his eyes upon the gray and green and blue and black and violet mass of the moving sea, and the curl of its giant breakers. When his boat beached upon the sands of an island he'd sit by the water-side and help the fishermen mend their nets. He would be the one to get into their lives and show them how to make bigger and better nets, and how to cast them like Cape Cod fishermen. And, oh, the miracles he could work among their sick!

But, mother, I have not seen Dr. McCloud for six months. He was called to Peking, the day after our visit to the lepers.

Two days and two nights we sailed those seas.

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Upon the morning of the third day the rumble of the anchor-chain told of our arrival in some port. We gathered on deck, a forlorn little group, and three wan faces at the rail peered into the mists of the dawn to catch the first sight of land. Before us, the island of Chaiju arose abruptly out of the sea, with no harbour whatever. There were no docks, nor wharf, nor any provision for the landing of steamers, that we could see, and our little boat continued to dance dizzily at anchor for some hours.

“This cargo of fish ought to have been labelled ‘perishable, rush,’ ” said Anne.

“And this delay is maddening,” I added. “As a descendant of a *Mayflower* emigrant I demand more consideration. Miriam, why don’t we land?” All shortcomings of this Oriental land I always put up to Miriam, as the wife of a missionary whose business it is to set things right.

“Be calm, my dear, I’m—I’m sure there must be a reason. Perhaps the sampan sailors haven’t sighted us yet. They may be asleep.”

“This is a poorly managed voyage,” I said. “No one gives a thought to the comfort of the passengers. Christopher Columbus would have landed us hours ago. There are fourteen hundred and ninety-two different varieties of fish smells upon this boat, and I’ve reached the end of my

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endurance;—if there is no chance of a shipwreck I shall swim to shore.”

Miriam smiled her ever-patient smile, while she silently pointed to the brown hull of a sampan putting out from land.

The waves were high, and the clumsy wooden craft rose and fell like a tipsy gull—her one sail bellying full against its bamboo ribs. Swinging heavily to the left of our prow she hit the lowered gangway with a crash that ought to have shivered her timbers. A pitiful little company of foreigners upon a very foreign sea, we filed down the unsteady steps to the sampan that was rising and falling away from the water-sodden and slippery landing in a truly alarming manner. A brawny coolie put his arms about Miriam, another embraced me, and a third pirate addressed himself to Anne, who was too ill to object to this simple method of handling passengers. With the other baggage we were thrown one at a time into the sampan, and firmly pinned down to the bottom by bales of raw hides and bags of fish.

“If someone had thoughtfully tied us up in one bag, or crated or baled us up before starting upon this voyage it would have helped some,” I groaned.

Besides us and the raw hides and fish, the cargo of that sampan consisted of Kim, our baggage, and an assortment of natives. Miriam was suffering

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horribly from nausea, aggravated by those fourteen hundred and ninety-two kinds of smells, and Anne's few freckles stood out like door knobs.

"Think what Paul must have suffered in those fourteen nights on the deep," she said, heroically.

"Or Robinson Crusoe," I responded.

"Miriam, dear, look behind you to where those brown rocks are lashed by the spray of the white cap witches. As I live, there is a line of white penguins along the shore."

"No, they are the Christians of the native church upon the island who have come down to greet us," said Anne. "Most of them have never seen a white face before. We are the first missionaries to reach this island. The story of Jesus Christ has been carried to this faraway place by native Christians. I feel like putting my shoes from off my feet, for this is almost holy ground. It is the foreign mission field of a foreign mission."

"Holy or not, apparently we shall all have to take off our shoes before we reach the shore. This sampan can never be beached," I commented.

"We shall have to be carried upon the backs of coolies," announced Miriam, with a sigh of resignation, never taking her gaze off those white objects lined up on the shore.

Oh, mother, that landing was wretchedly unromantic. Robinson Crusoe managed it so much

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better. There I was, thrown off upon a desert island from the shoulders of a coolie, and a wet, slippery coolie at that! I had never imagined it in that way; besides, that old island was a populated island, it wasn't desert at all. I wanted my advent to be thrilling, but it was wretchedly commonplace. As I found myself upon the sand, I closed my eyes a moment to recover my breath, and to shut out the sight of Anne and Miriam being cast up by more coolies. The disappointment was keen, but right there I resolved that I'd never "dwell in that scene of a thousand alarms," but would seek my desert isle some place, sometime,—just as soon as I could sail away.

Anne and Miriam recovered quickly from these disagreeable experiences, and hurried on toward the line of stiffly starched church members, natives, who were advancing down the shore to meet them.

"Jane, do come here," called Miriam, "some of these women were in Kwangju last year, and they want to know my sister." It was not in my mind to make friends with that church delegation. I wanted nothing to do with them. I was thinking only of my lonely isle, and in my fancy I saw it far out to leeward. Miriam came back to me.

"Look, sister mine," I said, twining my arm about her, "look at the sea rolling in along the curved line of the beach. Look at the swell of its

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great bulk—that gray gull flashing its white wings toward *my* island, my desert island—that tiny black mound that rides the sea, miles and miles toward the horizon. I shall follow it.”

Miriam smiled into my eyes. “That’s a spirit island. The ghost of the last man who lived there years ago patrols the shore. The arrows from his bow are poisoned, as every native knows. No boatman will sail in that direction.”

“I do not want any boatman to sail in that direction. I shall love the solitude.”

“Jane, darling, do not talk about anything so wild. Why, you would undergo fearful hardships, and eat terrible things.”

“Or they would eat me!” I responded lightly. “Oh, Miriam, I wish I were a mermaid to dive into the sea, and float at will among its caves. I want to get away from people. I want to be alone.”

Two liquid, blue eyes looked into mine with sisterly concern, and their owner made no reply.

I could not say more, for systematic Anne bore down upon us, and directed our attention to the congregation awaiting us on the bluff.

We were escorted in triumph by that devoted group to the low rock-built, straw-thatched church; their building devoted to the worship of a God they had known but a few years.

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The faith and love of that isolated company of Christians in the midst of ten thousand of their kind who worshipped demons, and followed nothing more enlightening than the teachings of the old sage Confucius, brought to me again a vision of what this work meant to Miriam and Anne—of its thrall and fascination.

“But this life is not for me,” I said, silently. “I shall never yield to its lure. That is not for me now. Mahlon McCloud shut that door upon me forever. God never drafts His forces, and years ago I refused to be a volunteer. I shall make my own life. And now I must, oh, I *must* get away from everything for awhile!”

As we entered the door of that little church I drew Anne to me and whispered, “I know there is a Deity right here, but how can one be impressed this way when this building has no belfry, and no spire; and there are no Gothic windows—not a symbol even to mark it a sacred place.”

“Belfries, and spires and symbols may come later,” returned Miriam, “but up to now the faith of these simple islanders has found full expression in spiritual victories over the passions and wiles of men trained in cunning and deceit, and in dealings as crooked as corkscrews for generations. I am going to enroll these women now, and you may help Anne give them names.”

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The hour had its fascination. Many of the women were young, and extremely modest and timid. But an intense earnestness and pleading in their black eyes brought the same thrill I had felt as a little girl when a deer in a park had taken a leaf from my hand.

Not for happy life, though, would I let Miriam and Anne know that I was touched or even interested in the tiny room set aside for our entertainment. The disquieting pleading in the eyes of those women blurred the vision of my witching island, and thrust unwelcome claims upon me as the daughter of a minister.

Sleep is impossible tonight, and I am sitting in a little Korean room, writing by the light of a tiny lamp, to you, mother. I have decided in my own mind definitely that not even to please "father or mother or brothers or sisters" will I teach in that Bible class. I am fully determined to get away from Chaiju and from Miriam and Anne, and those pleading enveloping women, and their appeal. I know I am going to reach my mystical sea-girt island in some way.

"Mither mine," this is the last letter you will receive from me until I'm rescued after years of adventure.

I'm wild with excitement tonight.

YOUR JANE.

PART II
FROM JANE'S DIARY

II

FROM JANE'S DIARY

In the chill dawn I dressed in warm clothes, and crept out of the little guest-room to find myself at once in the open air. Kim stretched himself, and set up a low whine of pleasure and welcome at my appearance. Three boxes of provisions and utensils stood by the door, the gun and ammunition among them. Like a fugitive from justice I stole down the narrow street between the cobblestone walls of the Korean homes, and almost collided with a water-front coolie who was loitering along, thinking of the bowl of rice and red pepper that was to constitute his breakfast. It took but the flash of a coin in his hand to persuade him to carry one of those boxes and the gun and ammunition to the water's edge and load it upon a sampan swaying unsteadily there with the tide. The owner was asleep in the stern of the boat, and when I stepped into it and looked down upon him in the growing light, he rubbed his eyes with the back of a very dirty hand, to clear from his vision this apparition that loomed up in the early glory of the morning. "It's a *Toke Gabbie*," he almost screamed, "I'm a haunted man

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of this earth. Take my crabs and seaweed, but let my boat alone."

In a frenzy he jumped from the sampan to the beach, and in the sand drew circles and weird characters to dispel the charms he thought I was weaving about him. I laughed, and would have spoken to him in Korean had not my ally been too quick for me.

"That *Toke Gabbie* came out of the sea mist," he said, in an awful whisper to the old boatman, "and she's been wandering on the land all night. If you let her have your boat she'll go back to the haunted island, and her spells will be broken. If you don't, we are both dead men. I'll give you half of the cash she gave me if you'll shut your eyes while she sails away."

The boatman was limp from fright, but his wrinkled old face, green in the dim light, broke into a Cheshire-cat grin as the coolie thrust into his hand a roll of money, then drew a circle in the sand about him, telling him not for his sweet life to step outside it. With a strong practised hand my accomplice ran up the sail, set the rudder, and threw the ropes to me. The excitement of the adventure like a dynamic current thrilled in my veins, as I felt the tug of the sail ropes. The days of delicious voyaging over the sapphire waters of Lake Huron with Uncle Jim, came back to me with

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a rush, and like a liberated seabird I burst into a note of song that floated on the wind that was carrying us far out to sea.

Kim whined at my feet in uneasy questioning until my voice assured him that all was well. Soon the sea birds claimed his attention, and he was in a quiver of animation.

The boat was in fine trim, and, presently, the tricks of sailing came back to me, and I was captain of my craft. To windward we steered a straight course, leaving in our wake a long series of whirlpools and disappearing dimples. Once the sampan veered, then poised like a thing alive, and shivered as though to clear her sides from the flying foam. The swish and swirl of the blue water, the swift motion, and the salt splashes in my face and through my flying hair were elixir to me, and in the keen enjoyment of the moment I forgot the dangers of ragged reefs and sharp hidden ridges, the summits of submerged headlands that might rip the seams of my little craft without an instant's warning. A great whitecap swerved an out-curve and hit us amidships, and there was a creaking of the mast, and a flutter and flap of canvas. Kim shivered as the spray broke over him, but I thrilled in wild excitement as I felt the sail ropes pull, and the sampan swing about and point for that stationary shadow upon the horizon.

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I shaded my eyes with my hand, and gazed back along the blue-black waters, tinged now with the rose and violet of the dawn, to where the little ship that had brought us to these faraway parts, swung at anchor. To my excited imagination she was the ship that had gone down a thousand times, (when I was a child) in the northwest corner of my bedroom. Mother never knew it, but nights and nights I had got up after a vivid dream, to grasp the iron rails of my little cot—sure that I was the captain of a sinking ship. My one childish longing in those days was to be cast upon a desert island, and now I felt that my dream had come true, and I was Robinson Crusoe. We sailed for hours to the West, running before the breeze, and skimming the waves like a flying fish, and then without warning the wind began to shift. Once, as the canvas fluttered and flapped in a sudden gust, my heart sank, and oh, I wanted my emergency pilot, Uncle Jim. But we caught the wind, and my craft held straight to her course.

The phantom island drew nearer. Anxiously I looked out over the dividing spray for signs of a bay, or the long line of a beach, but it was some minutes before the silver thread of a river, winding in a widening course to the sea, became visible through the morning haze. The wind continued to rise and we heeled to the West, until we were under

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the lee of a group of rocks that rose perpendicularly out of the water. The lashing surf, that boomed and climbed about those cliffs in certain warning, sent a chill to my heart, and I realised for the first time what a real shipwreck might mean. Straight for the course of the little inlet, that opened in welcoming shelter from the scourge of the breakers, I steered the sampan. The sail flapped, then filled again, and impelled by the heavy drive of the wind and the surf we were making toward the safety of the bay in good form. Just at that second, with every rope taut, every inch of sail under control, every nerve strained to make the drive into the haven widening before us, there was a grinding crash, a snap, and the rudder was gone! We had grazed the chiseled edge of a submerged rock. Like a helpless bit of drift we were caught in the whirl of a giant breaker, and tossed like a toy into the air. There came a horrible feeling of falling into chaos, a nausea, and my heart swelled to bursting. One hand reached into the depths of Kim's shaggy neck, and I felt his warm body pressed against mine. My head dropped into my arm, and blindfolded, I waited the end.

That breaker swerved, receded,—then caught us again, and we were dashed upon the jagged teeth of a giant reef. There was a crash of torn timbers, a falling away of the floor beneath, and the

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waters closed over our heads. I went down until I felt the rocks below—and as I went, my thoughts were all of mother and Uncle Jim, and—and—someone else. I wasn't frightened, but I wasn't ready to die either. I was out for adventure only, but had been caught unfairly, I thought.

Beneath the breakers we swam shoreward until we were thrown high upon the beach. I lay there awhile in quiet exhaustion and content. The roar of the surf seemed a thousand miles away, and I shook a defiant fist at the curling, clutching breakers, balked of their prey; then lazily I rolled in the warm sand, and laughed at Kim in his frantic efforts to shake off the seaweed that tangled his toes. Throwing aside my water-heavy skirts, and dashing the spray from my eyes I set about at once rescuing the food-box, the ammunition and the gun, in true Crusoe fashion. The grip of that marvelous tale was upon me, and the details of Crusoe's master wit and primitive instincts in bringing to shore the barrels and bales of provisions and necessities of life came back to me with amazing clearness.

Again and again I swam back to where the sampan swayed unsteadily upon the rocks. As the tide rose, the wooden hulk of the damaged boat was lifted and carried out to sea, and all kinds of fearsome qualms and tremours sent the blood back

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to my heart, as I watched this link between the known world and myself float away in the distance. Regrets that I had not left a note for Miriam, too, telling her not to search for me, made me a bit uncomfortable. But fears and regrets vanished as I realised the measure of the adventure that was upon me, and that was to test my powers to the full.

In front of a fire of drift wood Kim and I stretched ourselves in happy content. What a day it was! The wind came in little puffs from the Yellow Sea, and the blue waves dashed broken rings of white foam about the emerald-green rocks that jutted from the shore. White and blue and green,—my favourite combination.

A hill, almost a mountain, green below with bamboo and pine, but gray with a crown of rocks above, swelled back from the line of the sea. Brown, volcanic rocks that had tumbled from the heights above in ages past, were covered with tender vines and the opening buds of spring. The world had been created that day, and created for me—Jane Selfridge. A cock pheasant whirred a tantalising flight above, and Kim sprang after him.

Following the path of the bird, and looking always for the ghost with the poisoned arrows, I turned from the sea toward the hill. Kim pointed ahead, making straight for the bamboo grove.

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My aim was unsteady and the cock flew to shelter, but just at our feet nestled a nest (we almost stepped upon it) and I swept the eggs into my pocket.

“Kim,” I said, “this is a savage wilderness, and you and I are free to take up the life of primitive man and dog just where Crusoe laid it down. Do you see that thatched hut over the ridge of the hill to the right? That’s the hut that Crusoe deserted when he returned to civilisation. It’s ours now,—ours, of course, and we go to possess it.”

Kim followed over the rough ground, and among the low azalea bushes until we reached the shelter which stood as evidence that man had once lived in that solitary place.

The surrounding wall of mud and stone, put up for protection about the enclosure, had fallen into ruin, but it was still high enough and strong enough for safety. In delicious excitement, and a little fear I crept through the bamboo gate,—then threw both arms above my head and danced for joy. It was truly Robinson Crusoe’s hut, and the hut of my dreams. Its construction was of pine poles, dressed with infinite labour and patience, and joined in a frame with the few precious spikes that Crusoe had brought from his ship. This framework had been securely latticed with split bamboo, tied with rope made of long, tough grass. No

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doubt that shipwrecked man had spent an entire winter rolling the rope between his palms. The door and its frame had been made of the same crooked pine, squared with an axe. This is my own little home now, and here is where I am sitting now, writing these chronicles. Outside, this house is walled three-fourths of the way up with brown rocks, and above, beneath the eaves, it is plastered with gray mud. A scraggy, uncombed thatch slopes jauntily from the ridge pole in true South Sea Island effect. Today I circled my bungalow in the pride of possession, while Kim ran about sniffing the tracks of a dog long gone before. An inquisitive lizard came out upon the little porch at the entrance, blinked at us, then flipped to shelter.

Behind the hut were five or six earthenware vessels, crudely shaped and imperfectly fired. They were the very jars that Crusoe had so laboured over in the making. I knew the exact page in McGuffey's *Third Reader*, thumb-marked and torn, where this story was printed.

The door, just three feet high, stood ajar, and I entered. The eight-by-eight room was tight and cosy, and not badly out of repair. Like all Korean houses, the floor is formed of two layers of flat stones plastered over with mud. Over this crude floor a coarse mat of hand woven, split bamboo is

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thrown. Clever Robinson had placed the kitchen fire-hole outside the little room in just the position to carry the smoke and flames through the flues beneath the floor, and out through a hole in the foundation at the farther side. In this way the room is heated when a fire is built in the kitchen. I ran around to this tiny kitchen, which is only a shed with a straw roof, and built a snapping fire in the outside fireplace, with dried sticks and grass.

A black iron kettle (also salvaged by Robinson from that happy boat) is set in the low fireplace, and this is my stove. Ah, my little housekeeping arrangements would make mother and Miriam smile.

As the twilight settled about us tonight Kim sat down beside me, and gravely watched the flames leap and divide,—some to be drawn under the stone floor of our house, and more to flaunt back in my face. The embers died down to a soft gray powder, with a glowing coal at the heart.

“Kim,” I said, “this is New Year’s Day to me. Here’s where I begin my calendar. It’s my first notch in the stock. From this time on, I’m a free-born savage, and I’m rid of civilisation and all of its bothers. And, oh, what a life lies before us. But what are we going to eat for supper?”

Kim sniffed inquiringly at my pocket, and I drew forth three water-soaked biscuits, and the

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pheasant eggs. We boiled the latter in the black kettle, and thought our supper delicious.

The night is closing about us, and two happy, tired castaways are ready to throw themselves down upon the stone floor of Crusoe's deserted hut, and sleep like children. The scream of a wild creature has just sounded out in the night, but I have Kim and the gun, and even fear cannot keep us awake this night.

Miriam's Letter to Dan.

Dearest:

The most thoughtful man in the world is my husband. The letter you sent by special carrier to Mokpo came to Chaiju upon the boat that brought us here, and now I know the very latest from the baby, the boys and you.

Dear, this is a class well worth the sacrifice it has cost. The women study the Word with the eagerness and interest that stimulates bridge players in America. When we sit down to the morning's work there is a thrill of expectant delight that animates every student; and Anne and I think we know now what an eagle feels when he soars from peak to peak in the ethereal blue. Some of the women who are studying are deep sea divers by profession.

Dan, Jane's distaste for Bible classes and mis-

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sionary work in general conquered her longing to explore this island, and to sail among the islands farther out in the Yellow Sea, and she went back to Mokpo with the boat that brought us here, upon its return voyage. A water-front coolie told us how she had stolen down to a waiting sampan in the early morning, and had taken the dog, the gun, and one of the boxes with her. She is so beautiful, and so daring, too, that, Dan, I am worried a bit when I think of her, unchaperoned, among a lot of Japanese—some of them upper class officials. I know the child was seasick and lonesome upon that steamer, but surely the McNalleys in Mokpo welcomed her, and by this time she is with you.

I hope Dr. McCloud brought that diphtheria serum with him upon his return from Peking.

I'm longing for the sight of the baby this morning. Tell the boys this teaching is a frolic for

MOTHER.

FROM THE DIARY

The Day After.

This morning was a glorious one, and I ran down to the shore for a swim. Beyond the shallow river that flows near my cottage, a jungle of foliage disclosed here and there a native orange tree, and to my joy a few yellow oranges glistened through the leaves. "Delicious for breakfast," I thought.

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A bit of fear crept over me, as I glanced toward the dark thicket that covers the lower slopes of the hill behind our hut: there might be a lair hidden within its depths. A dead rabbit that lay by the path yesterday was gone.

The sea was stained with the crimson streaks of dawn, and as I came out of the low brush and reached the open, the terror of the night was forgotten. Searching the coast for a short distance we found the food box, where the waves had tossed it, high upon the sands. The timbers of the wrecked sail-boat were scattered along the shore, and at the sight of them I knew we were isolated, and that now we had no way of reaching the main island of Chaiju. Anne and Miriam could not come out to me, for no boatman would sail in the direction of my haunted island, and no steamer ever touched its lonely shore. I have gained my liberty now, and I'm free from the traditions and trammels of society, free from pleading eyes, and the claims and appeals of missionary work. I'm a primitive woman, and I'm free to live my own life in my own way.

The Next Day.

Today, Kim and I made the preliminary survey of our final possessions. Our desert island is a mountain peak thrust ambitiously from the bottom

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of the sea. In ages past it has been an active volcano, but now it is covered with a wonderful growth of pine, spruce, magnolia, azalea, bamboo and low-growth shrubs and bushes, that form in places a dense jungle. A clear stream tumbles down the mountain-side, and flattens out as it reaches the shallow bay where I tried to enter when we were shipwrecked. Apart from this narrow strip of sand at the bottom of the river, the coast line is a series of jagged rocks pushed out into the ocean, and washed by the turbulent waves. Back from the rugged coast, terraced valleys and dark ravines seam the mountain side. We bagged two rabbits and a pheasant upon this trip, and in high spirits returned to our cabin. In those huge jars I have found some rice, the very same, I think, that Crusoe reaped the third year of his shipwreck. Tomorrow, I shall thresh these grains in a bowl that this castaway chiseled from a round rock. His wooden pestle still stands by the stone mortar. The contents of the food-box were unhurt, but it took me hours and hours to pound it open with a stone mallet.

Days Later.

Near the summit of the mountain, hidden, is a bower of azalea and native magnolias, I have found a rocky retreat I shall call my hermitage. A fallen

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trunk of immense girth forms the wall at the rear, and gray rocks grown over with moss and lichens enclose the sides. I have covered the cool stones of the floor with mats woven from the sweet grasses of the hillside. In these opening days of spring my bower is a riot of latticed brown stems and tender green leaves. This is the retreat where I go to write, and to dream dreams and watch the butterflies lay their velvet wings against the petals of the wild flowers. I spied a tiny fawn one day, there, and I longed to put my arms around its neck, and snuggle my cheek against its satin side. I think I can easily become good in this wild and woodsy place. I hope Miriam isn't too much alarmed, but she and Anne are so busy that they'll hardly miss me.

What a spicy, pungent odour this shrub that bends over my bower has, and oh, there *must* be sandal-wood near. I wish Anne were here, too, to get these fragrant odours; so different from the iodoform and carbolic acid smells of that hospital!

Another Day.

Arose at daybreak and ran down to the beach for a morning swim. The breakers were high, and I laughed aloud as I dived beneath them in exciting contest—my strength against theirs. Throwing my arms above my head, I floated in upon the crest

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of one curling white-cap that threw me high upon the shore. I rolled over in the sand, then started to my feet in surprise. For a moment I almost doubted my sight, but I shook the water from my face, and stooped once more to look at the object in the sand. It was—yes, there could be no doubt of it—a native sandal made of twisted ropes of straw. Of course it was Friday's, I knew in a little while, but I knew, too, that some boat had landed upon my shore while I slept. My heart pounded uncomfortably at the thought. Kim sniffed at the sandal and looked into my face with one ear cocked, and his head turned in puzzled attention. We walked back and searched the shore eagerly for traces of the boat that must have brought Friday, and perhaps his cannibal companions, to this faraway island. We examined every inch of the sandy beach for footprints; we climbed the rocks that jutted into the sea along the coast, and gazed fearsomely down their dark caves for the white bones that might remain as evidence of a cannibal feast. The excitement was delicious and real; but a hateful thought swept me—a captive man, Friday, or a devoured man, Friday, fitted into my castaway experiences exactly, but a man Friday who might have escaped his captors, and was at this moment at large upon my island!

I shuddered at the thought of what a wild man,

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Friday, roaming my groves and ravines and rocks would be. My freedom was gone, and I sat down and cried. Suddenly the whole adventure was hateful to me. I picked up the shoe and examined it again. It was a smaller shoe than that worn by the average Korean man—Friday could not be a big man, he might be a boy! The thought was of some small comfort, but the joy of the day was gone for me. Kim and I returned to the cottage, and I spent some time repairing the lock that had once secured the door.

The Day After.

Have not dared to wander from my little enclosure. Have been beating out rice and building higher my stone wall. My hands are blistered, and my head is hot. I may have a fever and die in this isolated spot. Have just thought—perhaps Friday may be tied to a tree, a captive Friday after all; and perhaps his companions intend eating him, and if I stay quietly at home they may never find me.

The Next Day.

That shoe may belong to the ghost. It may be a phantom shoe that appears only now and then, and floats back into the sea. Strange I never thought of this before.

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Sometime in May, 19—.

It is very irksome indoors. I am a prisoner, and know I shall have a fever and only my bones will be discovered years later, if this continues. Tried reading the Bible,—Crusoe did, you know. But Bibles for me are bewitched, and always open at some uncomfortable chapter like the twelfth of Romans, “I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.” I shall read no more.

Date Unknown.

I shall be a prisoner no longer. I need the upland paths, the freedom of my haunts, and the game my gun will bring down. My stores of food and ammunition are running low, and I want the fruit and berries that grow upon the mountain side. I have Kim and the gun, and under the open sky I can breathe more easily; and this childish state of nerves will leave me.

Another Day.

This morning I climbed the highest peaks of my mountain retreat. A gray eagle circled above, and breathless with the feel of freedom and release from fears, I threw myself down upon the cool grasses of my hermitage to watch the sweep of the

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great wings in the blue above. Ferns and grasses pressed my forehead as with a human touch. I could hear the click and creak and twist of rusty little legs and joints burrowing in the grass about me. This primitive life and beauty has been here, spread out in perpetual pageantry during all the days of my imprisonment, and senseless fears. The joy of life is coming back to me, the blood courses swifter through my veins!

A Day in May.

I wander at will, now, among the moss-covered boulders of the upper heights, and the cathedral spires of the summit. This morning, as the stars paled, I crept out of the hut, and Kim and I climbed to the pinnacle of the mountain crest to search for the eagle's eyrie, and to watch "as the dawn comes up like thunder" from the depths of the sea, over Japan way. The wind rustled the foliage of the low trees and blew soft breaths of perfumed coolness over my cheeks; and the torn shreds of a misty cloud, wandering aimlessly over the shrubs and long waving grasses of the hillside, paused to close about me, and to hang glistening drops of dew upon the loose strands of my hair, flying in the breeze. The wanton beauty of the morning, and the soft embraces of sympathetic nature stole into my being like a human caress. I

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threw my arms out to catch the encircling cloud—to hold it, to make it mine.

The days of restraint and confinement have surely dragged drearily. A rush of emotion swept me, and a heartache sharp and real made me know that I wanted to see mother and Uncle Jim and Miriam right that instant. With the tears dimming my sight I looked below, away out to the horizon where the sea crowded the edges of the island in bays and inlets, and lashed itself into a white fury about the ragged headlands. But the sight of the sea only brought back the sense of irritating nervousness that had come to me with the finding of the shoe; and slowly, surely the consciousness that I was not a liberated thing, but a prisoner, an unwilling captive upon my island, enveloped me like a hangman's hood, and darkened the joy and ecstasy of the morning. I could not throw it off. The Yellow Sea was my keeper, my jailer.

Kim trailed among the rocks, through the brush of the stocky stems of the oaks and maples and the dwarf bamboo. I heard the call of a pheasant, and the whirr of his wings, but my gun was in the hut. Kim came back to me with a disapproving whine, and looked at me quizzically.

I turned to make the steep descent, and was surprised to see that I had wandered to the edge of a

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perpendicular column,—a granite crag. I knew that to reach the bottom of that declivity would tax to the limit my endurance and strength. I grasped the rough edge of the rock and lowered myself down the smooth wall; a moment I swung in air, then closing my eyes, dropped to the ground below. The shock of the fall was broken by the azalea bushes growing in the crevices of the rocks. My arms and hands were scratched and torn, and a little while I lay there nursing them, and laughing at Kim, who came tumbling down another precipice farther on.

An acorn fell near, then away down the slope a dead branch snapped; it had happened scores of times before, but Kim had never growled in threatening menace as he did then. I raised my head, and listened in keen excitement. A dark object was making its way among the azaleas and dwarf maples of the lower terraces. The foliage of the jungle below me was set in motion by a force that was not of the morning breeze. That something *might* be a deer, but I knew it was a man, and that man was not a Korean. His clothes were not the clothes of a native, they were foreign in cut and material—this much I realised in the brief glimpse I had through the dense thicket. He was not the owner of that straw shoe, and he was not my man Friday. My paradise was invaded this time by a

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man from my own world—a man who wore the clothes of an American, or an Americanised Japanese. His presence was a horrible menace, and absolute terror, like a thing alive, pressed down upon me, and sucked the breath from my nostrils. I looked at my hands—so near together, but they were paralysed. I had not the power to clasp them. It was horrible, and I wanted to shriek a passionate protest that my Eden should have become a desolation in one instant. Suddenly a branch above my head swayed to a feather-weight, and the clear note of a warbler thrilled again and again.

Slowly, surely, the cold fear that sat upon me lifted to the magic vibrations, and my hands came together, the power of thought and action returned, and I sprang to my feet. I drew my arms about the trunk of a tree, and pressing my cheek against the rough bark, tried to think. I felt like a trapped animal, danger now lurked in every dell and beside every path. Kim was of some protection, and the gun of more, but the joy and freedom of living were gone once more. I sat down by the tree, and sobbed out my anger and protest. I even choked out a pitiful prayer, but no help came. Oh, I knew then that I was in revolt against duty, against God, against Miriam, and missions, and men!

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The Next Day.

Escape from this island is the only thing I think about now. This morning I ran down to the beach to search the horizon for a chance sail. Robinson Crusoe once erected a staff, flying a torn shirt, as a signal of distress. I tied my red sweater to a bamboo pole, and anchored it among the rocks. It was my signal of defeat, and I hated it. Suddenly I looked up from my task, and was startled to see an object which was surely making its way toward my island. Soon the outlines of a sampan cut through the morning mist. Almost I could have believed that it was the very one that I had driven upon the rocks the day I came to my island; but it was a larger boat, and was being piloted through the surf of sailors skilled in the handling of such craft. A vapour seemed to blur my sight, for surely the crew of that boat was a phantom crew. The sight held me in awe, for the rounded arms and shapely forms of women were plainly silhouetted against the dark bulk of the ship. They were young Korean women with long braids of black hair wound around their heads,—their only garment, a loin cloth drawn about their lithe bodies. Two stood at the oar and sang in rhythm an Oriental sea chant; the others were laughing, and pointing eagerly toward my shore.

I wanted to scream with excitement, for I knew

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them to be the cannibals that Robinson Crusoe saw coming up out of the sea to hold a feast upon his desert isle. The illusion was complete, and my imagination was afire. One woman in the bow of the boat arose and threw herself into the sea,—her black hair floated upon the waves, as she swam with strong and certain strokes away from her companions. They made no effort to pursue her, but shrieking with laughter turned the sampan back to sea.

Their victim had escaped, (this I was sure of, for had it not been so recorded in Robinson Crusoe's experiences), and was swimming toward me for protection. I ran to the water's edge to throw my arms about her, as a towering wave tossed her at my feet. She was a beautiful Korean girl, with the clear olive skin and the brilliant, narrowed eyes of her race. The feel of the firm, cool flesh beneath my hand thrilled me like the touch of a baby, and I clutched her with eager strength. She was alive, and she was a woman.

"Who are you, and why have you come to this place?" I said in Korean.

She drew back, startled, I suppose, to hear her native speech, then broke into a clear laugh that displayed her white teeth. "You speak Korean words, *Pueen*, I am thankful. You are lonesome here. I have come to live with you."

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"But who *are* you?"

"A diver."

"Were you born at the bottom of the sea?"

"Those are almost true words, *Pueen*. One day, my mother in sharp pain came up from the rocks where she had gone down to cut the sea-weed that grows there. She swam to shore, and I was born after a few hours." She was sitting at my feet now, and looking up at me with a winning smile. One of her hands reached for mine. It was a small, brown hand, with dimples for knuckles, and its touch upon mine made me tremble.

"How did you know that I came to this island?"

"A man of my village told me that when the moon was young, a Western woman had sailed a sampan among these islands, and that she had never come back to Chaiju." Her words brought sharp thoughts of the anxiety and fear that my disappearance must have caused Miriam.

"Did you—did you see the other Western women who came to Chaiju to teach the Korean women?"

"No. It was like a market day wherever they went. Women were around them like bees around a queen, and they pushed me away. Oh, I want to know about the new faith you have come to teach. I want to know it with all my heart, and I have

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come to you. For months I have eaten only barley to save money to come from my village over on the big island to Chaiju to hear you Western women teach your great Book."

The indescribable relief that had swept me at the first sight of her was gone, at those words.

"I am not here to teach the Bible," I said petulantly. "'Tell me why you were not afraid to come to this haunted island? You are a magnificent swimmer."

She threw herself at my feet.

"Moons ago a woman in my village told me about the Jesus faith. Something inside of me had been waiting since I was born for those words. She gave me this little book; it has burning words that eat like fire into my mind. I need a teacher. Pages and pages I do not understand, and perhaps I shall miss the way to Heaven. I came to this island days ago, but I could not find you. My mind is dark, oh, give me light!"

She took from the cloth at her waist a New Testament wrapped in oilskin paper, and raised a face so imploring that I turned away to avoid its appeal. I felt in that moment that the very waves and winds were in league with a "*Something*" that was trying to urge me into the eddy and surge of missionary endeavour. I longed to shriek defiance and a challenge at that invisible *Something*,

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—to deny its hateful claims and authority,—to escape from its control. But a power, a conviction, a faith dogmatic and certain held against the storm and passion of my protest and turbulence, and like a weathervane I felt myself pointed about until I was listening with almost a response in my heart to the pleadings in the depths of those bead-black eyes. I am wondering if the prayers of a mother far away may not be the unseen force that compels me in these moments!

The Korean girl clung to my dress, and followed me along the path to the hut.

“Won’t you teach me, *Pueen*? I want to know what the Book says for me and my people.”

“The other women who came with you have drifted out to sea,” I evaded.

“They are afraid to come too near—afraid of the evil Spirit. After one moon they may come back. I am a diver, too, like them, but I have come to live with you.”

“If you stay with me how can you live for all time in that diving dress?” I asked. “There is a Spirit here upon the island with us. We are not alone.”

“Yes, I know. He is not the Korean Spirit with the poisoned arrows who has lived her for ages gone. He is big and strong, and wears the clothes of the men of your country.”

JANE IN THE ORIENT

"How do you know?" I asked, startled.

"It was the terror of him that drove me back to sea when I came in search of you before."

"When you lost your shoe?"

"Yes, if I see him again, when the sun is shining, I shall dive into the sea, and swim to those far rocks, and at night I'll come back and live with you, in the hut."

For the moment the terror of my island was lifted as I looked into her clear, steady eyes.

"You will teach me the Bible, *Pueen*," she said.

"I know it is the only truth about the soul I shall ever find. I can think of nothing else. I want nothing else."

Her wistful face, raised to mine with fanatical ardour, sent a delicious, tingling sense of power through me, and that "*Something*" said to me, "You have been taught that Book from childhood. Prove its authority, now, upon another mind. It may ease your own heart to watch the light dawn in her face when she knows that a God who lives, loves, and feels, cares for her personally, and so deeply that He sacrificed His only son for her sins. Watch her writhe, too, under its pitiless demands for surrender and renunciation."

Like magic the charm and wonder of the stories of Moses, of Joshua, of Joseph and of David came

FROM JANE'S DIARY

back to me, and with them came an impulse (alluring in its promise of novelty and excitement) to tell those tales to this woman of Chaiju,—this diver. As I looked at her, I knew that I wanted to see her eyes widen under the spell of their wonder. I was a little girl again, and I wanted her to listen, as I had listened, to my wise mother, years ago.

A world of enchantment opened up to me at that moment, and goodness and mercy were in the air I breathed.

"I'll do it," I said. "I'll read the Bible with you, and we'll talk about it together."

With that decision came an unspeakable delight, a sweetness that was next to intolerable. I had a strange feeling that by yielding to this impulse I had been lashed to a stake beyond the line of the tide, and that deep waters would creep and creep about my waist, to my throat, and over my head,—but I did not mind this, for those waters were God, I knew it then. A wonderful, wonderful thing had happened. *I wanted to be overwhelmed by Him.* I surrendered at that instant to a peace that was deep and real, and to the profoundest joy I had ever known. I could not understand it then, I do not understand it now. But is this the feeling that sends missionaries to the ends of the earth? I wonder!

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May, 19—.

The world has surely been made anew for me. Every leaf, and every vine, every pink tendril bows and sways before a power that sweeps it and me in a pæan of praise to God, for I'm "in tune with the Infinite."

My native girl Friday is like a child in her delight with the domesticity of my desert-island hut, and she has already threshed the grain in Robinson's bowl. I have named her *Keum Yo Ill*, because this is the word for Friday in the Korean language. Today, we cut quantities of long, soft grass that waves upon the hillside, and braided it into a kind of pliant cloth. From it we have fashioned a simple, Korean jacket, and with a short skirt of mine it makes a very becoming dress. And my diver now looks a little less like a mermaid. But really I liked her in the diving dress quite as well.

As we worked, she told me of her life.

"Did your mother teach you to dive when you were a baby?" I inquired.

"She tied me on her back sometimes when she went only a little way into the water, but when I was seven years of age she took me down into the ocean with her. From that time I have known the life below the top of the waves, and I love it."

"Were you never afraid?"

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"Only of sharks, but they did not come often. It is cold in winter, but you do not feel the cold beneath the water."

"Tell me what it is like down there," I said with a little shiver.

"It is a world even your dreams have never told you about. I was angry always with my body that I could not live down there among the things I loved. I did not want to come to the top to breathe. The seaweed below the waves is a forest of fern; blue and purple and silver fish are the birds, and white shining shells are the stars, upside down, but, oh, so bright."

"And you go down there just for the pleasure, the joy of seeing that other world?"

"Oh, *Pueen*, don't you know that we earn our rice in that way? We women would starve if we had to wait until Chaiju men earn the bread for our families. We trade the seaweed and shells for the grain we need." The look in her determined, quiet face told me much about the hardships of her life.

May, 19—.

These are days of mystery and happiness unbounded. We are reading the book of Matthew, as we have only the New Testament. Translated into the words of this language the story of Jesus

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Christ is of such loveliness that at times it almost bewilders me, and I screen my eyes as a blind man miraculously given his sight might do, for the sheer glory of it. My native knows how to read the simple script of her own tongue, and we are wandering among the inspired teachings of the Bible unguided, unbiased, and with all the delight of children in a wood. I think I know now what the sensations of a gold miner are, and the thrall of his pursuit. Of course I haven't enough language to teach her as she should be taught, but we read the words together, and that is quite enough. When we read, today, the story of the Annunciation her gaze grew wide with wonder and awe, and in real excitement I watched a blaze of comprehension leap from her dark eyes, as the miracle of the Virgin Birth sank into her consciousness. It sank into mine, too, and I know absolutely that the Child born of Mary was the Son of God.

The certainty of this belief has opened a world of such magic and elation to me that I feel that I am living among lovely, white clouds. Nothing that ever comes to me can ever be ordinary or hum-drum again. Like a butterfly, I'm gathering to myself the sweetness and beauty just at hand.

The Hermitage where Keum and I go to read

FROM JANE'S DIARY

together, is a diamond palace these mornings. The plumes on the long grasses are laced with silvery, spider chains, and studded with pearls of dew. Azalea and hydrangea gleam with jade and coral, and tiny opening buds are shot with sapphire, opal and gold.

I am trying to tell you,—you who will read this diary—that something has happened to me, that the Book I am teaching my native is unfolding a wonder-world to me, and is bringing the Kingdom of God into my experience. That mysterious Something now has my hand, and is leading me out into a creation of such poignant fairness as to make me ache with its beauty, but a heart's ease and peace, that can only be of heaven, are mine. Friday and I have read several books of the New Testament, and the dawn of a look of wide wonder and spiritual insight, that is changing Keum's face, makes me sure that I want to go on forever in a Bible teaching experience.

I feel that I, too, am a diver, going down into an unfathomable underworld of miracle and revelation. The fear of the mysterious stranger has left me, and my island is Arcady. I'm not sure that I ever want to leave it, and I never go down to the beach now to look for a passing sail. It may be that Jane Selfridge is turning into a missionary. If she is, I'm sorry for Dan.

JANE IN THE ORIENT

Days Later.

Something has happened, so marvelous, so mysterious, so wonderful that my little adventure has been turned into a romance,—a fairy tale.

Keum and I had talked about the Mysterious Man often and often, and upon a certain day we told each other that we would go in search of him. We told each other, too, that we were not afraid of him or of his arrows or of anything we might meet when upon this quest. One morning we closed behind us the bamboo gate of the enclosure around our hut, and followed the familiar path to the Hermitage,—then leaving that trail we tried to make our way toward the uplands that sloped away from the hill-top in the center of the island. At that early hour a heavy fog darkened the light beneath the pines and oaks, and dripped heavily from the gray rocks at the base of the hill. It was impossible in the half-light to find our way among the boulders and fallen tree-trunks, and the giant brakes, so I followed Keum's lead as she made for the line of the shore.

My Friday is an expert trailer, with the instincts of an Indian. We were quite agreed that we would make the circuit of the island that day, and that we would trail the phantom stranger, should we set eyes upon him, to the cave or lodge where he must live. If we came upon the ghost in our wanderings

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we were not quite sure what we would do, but Keum told me, and I told her, that we were absolutely unafraid.

Several hours of hard climbing among the crags and rugged cliffs that marked the boundary of the coast, brought us to the top of a bluff, towering above the white surf of the sea. Keum threw herself down and leaned far over the edge of the cliff. Something in the water below caught her eye. I followed her, and watched in breathless interest the mists break and close, then break again over a lovely little cove, sheltered by projecting crags from the fury of the waves,—a lake of sapphire, in a setting of granite. Floating upon the clear water and throwing sketchy shadows into its depths, a sampan lugged heavily at anchor, and a man,—a white man—was bending low over her rudder. A wide-brimmed hat, drawn down, concealed his face,—but oh, the set of his collar, the wrinkle of his shirt below his broad shoulders, the curve of his long arms brought a rush of memories that set my heart pounding. He was too tall for Dan, and no other man than a missionary could be within four hundred miles of this land of my exile. Once upon a time, tradition said, a belted earl (or was it a duke?) had wandered in this direction from Shanghai to hunt tigers among the islands of this outlandish world, but I hope I know the cut of

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English clothes when I see them. This man was an American—that was certain.

A loose stone slipped from the heights where I lay, and fell into the water below. The man looked up, and oh, heart of mine! it was Mahlon McCloud! I almost tumbled over the cliff, but Keum held me tight. I clutched my throat, for instantly the air was rare,—I could not breathe. Trees and rocks, all, were tumbling in heaps all upside down, in a crazy fashion, and Keum's anxious face, detached from her shoulders, swung in mid-air above me like a full moon dangling in the sky. With no spirit left in me I sank to the ground. A limp heap, I lay there in delicious weakness and content. I was conscious of but one fear—that I might lose my senses altogether and fall over the cliff like a boulder, to crash down upon the man below. The minutes seemed hours.

I could hear the soft lap of the water against the bank, and the measured thud of the sampan rising and falling with the tide. The odour of wild blue-bells was in the air, and the words of an old song floated through my mind.

“I leant out over a ledging cliff and looked
down into the sea,
Where weed and kelp and dulse swayed, in
green translucency;

FROM JANE'S DIARY

Where the abalone clung to the rock and the
star fish lay about,
Purpling the sands that slid away under the
silver trout."

The warmth and essence of a life, loved, longed for, and unconsciously expected filled the air about me. He was there, in that lovely cove, just below the rocks where I lay. Slowly, surely the blood came back to my fingers, to my cheeks, and I laughed aloud into Keum's distracted face.

"By the grace of God, *Pueen*," she said, "your soul's come back to you again. You will not die and leave me!"

"Give me my shoes this instant," I whispered. "Why did you take them off! You Orientals can't think of anything to do in an emergency but take off shoes. Put them on my feet at once."

Keum fumbled with the ties in nervous haste, and then unsteadily balancing myself against her shoulder, I found my way back to a break in the bluff, where the rocks shelved away to the sea in steep but not impossible terraces. Another glimpse of that blue shirt, and a certain necktie, sent me scrambling and swinging over the precipice in reckless abandon. My hands weakened in their clutch upon the last ledge, and in disarray and pink confusion I plumped down before that astonished man. My face was scratched and my wrists

JANE IN THE ORIENT

ached, but the crowning horror of my disorderly advent was the consciousness that one of my shoes dangled from a projecting rock, high above our heads.

I stood looking up at it helplessly, but only for an instant, for the doctor jumped at me with the spring of a tiger.

“Jane!”

“Doctor, is it you, and did you come up from the bottom of the sea?”

“Did you come down from the moon?” he roared.

“That horrid ledge is steeper than it looks, and whoever would think that a shoe could come off that easily. And why doesn’t someone get it for me?” I was trying at that moment to bury my stocking foot in the sand.

He grasped my wrists, and his eyes were blazing into mine.

“Look at me,” he commanded. “Jane, I have followed you to Land’s End, and you are mine. Oh, Jane, how I want you!”

His arms were about me, and for one ecstatic moment I counted the parallel blue stripes of that wonderful shirt, and felt the soft silk of that neck-tie, like a bandage, over my eyes—then the full, warm pressure of his kiss upon my lips made the world spin round.

FROM JANE'S DIARY

“Say it,” he whispered in my ear. “Say the words I want to hear.”

His voice was dulcet sweet, and the touch of his firm, shaven cheek, a bit rough against mine, sent through me an electric thrill of absolute joy. All of myself rushed to meet his manhood. I wanted to yield to his vehemence, to surrender to his impetuous appeal, to tell him that I loved him, too, with every atom of my being,—this I wanted to do while I was tracing the contour of those fascinating lines in his shirt. But instantly, like a taunting demon, the memory of his former confession, the torture, the bewilderment of my position, which had followed his cold declaration of an allegiance held above his love for me, flamed up with an intensity that sent me back from him in involuntary recoil.

I threw his arms from me, and in a voice I could not control, burst out: “You told me you could not ask me to be your wife, and yet you follow me to this lonesome place to tell me once more you love me. Mahlon McCloud, your presence here is an insult.”

Like a tall, glowing, bending flower struck by a hot blast his head bent lower, and he stepped back unsteadily, with one hand thrown out for support. I dared not look into his eyes, for the pallour of his face, the deep anguish in the lines of

JANE IN THE ORIENT

his forehead, and that pitiful gesture cut me straight to the heart.

I pressed my clenched fingers to my lips in horror at the words that had escaped them. I glanced about, hoping to find that another had spoken, that those hateful words had not come from me. I was ready to scream: "The words I have spoken I did not mean to say. I am wild and uncertain. Weeks of confinement in this solitary place have unsettled my perception of things. Mahlon McCloud, speak to me again."

But instead, I turned and walked quickly to meet Keum, who had swung down from the bluff in graceful ease. With eyes that blazed suspicion and hostility toward the strange man, she stooped and gently fastened the shoe upon my foot. I was trembling under the violence of emotions that swept me like a tempest. Keum looked into my face, and the sympathy and devotion in her eyes made me throw my arms about her in sudden impulse. With quick intuition she divined my unhappiness, and putting forth the strength of her young body she grasped me about the waist, and drew me in the direction of the sampan. The doctor started toward us, but Keum was too quick for him, and before he could understand her purpose she had carried me into the boat, and had pushed out from the shore into the deep water of the inlet.

FROM JANE'S DIARY

I sank to the bottom of the boat, and buried my head in my arms, too wretched to care what became of me or where we were going. With the skill of long practice she unfurled the sail and set the rudder, then reached for the anchor rope. I heard the flap of the canvas and the creak of the helm as we caught a breeze that puffed from landward. "We are sailing away, miles out to sea," I thought, "and Mahlon McCloud is there alone upon my island. I shall never see him again."

I listened intently for some sound from the shore, a call, a shout—perhaps, oh, perhaps, my name; but none came. I raised my head to follow the movements of Keum, who was working at the anchor rope. The sampan sank with the tide, and strained taut the rope with the impatience of a racer poised in nervous anticipation of the starting-gun. Keum tried with all her strength to draw up the anchor, but the boat slumped heavily as another snarling wave curled about her, then stretched its slinking length along the white floor of the beach. The muscles in the brown arms of the Korean girl stood out in unshapely strength, and her shoulders were squared to the strain like those of a man.

The boat lurched again, as the wind caught the canvas, then once more a tearing flap of the sail answered the hoarse creak of the helm in a way that made Keum glance at me in unconcealed fear.

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The anchor was caught among the rocks below; and it held firm under the lug and haul of her powerful grip. She was baffled and angered. To her simple mind the presence of that foreign man in that remote place was a menace to me, and she felt herself my guardian. Under my raised arm I glanced warily toward the shore, and my heart gave a suffocating leap as I saw the doctor draw off his shoes, and striding into the water waist deep, dive below the breakers to swim with sure, strong strokes in our direction.

Keum gave him one look of frantic fear, then threw off her braided jacket to stand in her diving dress. Her arms were flung above her head, and with the grace of a dolphin she cut down through the water. Fascinated by this bold plunge of the Korean girl, and uncertain as to her intentions I leaned far over and peered into the black depths where she had gone down.

Suddenly the boat lurched heavily, and I looked up to see a man's hand thrown into the air, then Dr. McCloud's athletic form vaulted over the gunwale. The blue stripes now sketched in broken parallels up and down his wet shirt, were coming in my direction, and in absolute unreason I knew I was going to press my face against them, and feel two drenched, soppy arms thrown about me in strong possession and tenderness.

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Without warning there came a violent jerk at the anchor cable, a snap,—and then with a bound like a thing alive the sampan started seaward under full sail. In desperation Keum had cut the anchor rope to free the boat, and carry me beyond the danger zone.

For hours we sailed over a turquoise sea, glimmering through the vapours of a misty cloud that hung over it like a white veil. As we neared the island of Chaiju, above the line of the horizon appeared a dark cone, apparently suspended in the air, and separated from the earth beneath by a filmy mist, arising from the sea.

“It’s Chaiju, Pueen,” Keum called out excitedly. “Halli San is there, I see it, and the market in the town below. We’re going home!” She was aquiver with anticipation, and in Mahlon McCloud’s eyes there was a response to her eagerness I could not feel. I could have lived forever and a day with him upon the desert island we were sailing away from; but instinctively I knew it was the call of his work he was feeling at that moment. And in my heart a new thing,—born upon the island, made me know, too, that I could have a part in that work now—for a deep sympathy and love for the things of Jesus Christ had come to me with my Bible teaching experience.

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The sampan gathered way under a rising wind, and soon the mountain Halli San was plainly visible. The girdle of mists had disappeared, and the rugged mass of the extinct volcano with its circling fields and villages stood forth in panorama. Along the coast, black rocks, circled with foam, and covered with moss, a feathery green, jutted into the sea.

As we neared the shore, through the soft sea mists we discerned a group of Korean women moving about in a cave, down by the ocean side. They were undressing to put on white cotton bathing suits. Their bodies were clean, lithe, and active, and as they followed their leader along a black reef, far out into the water, their graceful outlines were silhouetted against the blue sky like a lovely poster. To the right wrist was tied a circular knife, with which the diver cut the seaweed and pried the mussels from the rocks below. Each woman carried a huge yellow gourd, attached to a netted bag. This floated upon the top of the waves as the swimmer turned, and with powerful strokes plunged through the water to where the seaweed floated in the clear depths below. Forty feet down they went, and nothing could have been lovelier than those bodies darting through the vivid green of the ocean gardens. After a few moments there was a flash of brown arms, as the women came to

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the surface to breathe, and to throw their shells into the bags.

Keum gave a little cry, and with incredible swiftness threw off her outer garments to spring over the side of the boat and swim toward the divers. Her welcome was sure and hearty. She was at home.

“Mahlon McCloud,” I said, turning to him, “those are the women that Miriam and Anne came to teach when we came to this faraway place. I despised their work then and refused to help them. God changed my whole life by one mighty act, and I am a Bible teacher now. This is my work, and these women are mine. I gave my life to them before you found me, on the island. I accept your love as the sweetest thing in my world. I love you, too, with every fibre of my being. But had you never sailed to my hiding place, had you never found me I should still have been a missionary of the Cross. I gave my life, and my allegiance to death, to Jesus Christ, there in that solitary place.

“We shall go back to work for Him, and for these, my Koreans and your Koreans, and perhaps, oh, Mahlon McCloud, each spring, as the buds open we shall make a cruise among these islands of the Yellow Sea, to teach a people whose simple faith will strengthen ours.”

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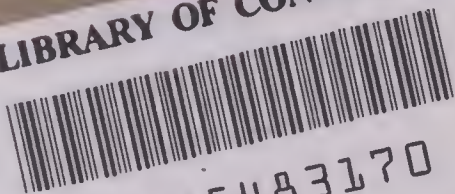
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